

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

FRESH FROM THE WEST OR THE LAD WHO MADE GOOD IN NEW YORK AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The two confidence men suddenly discovered they had a tartar to deal with. Jerry seized each by the ear and forced them down on their knees. The unusual spectacle immediately attracted attention, and a policeman came running to the spot.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year
West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.
the Post-Office at New

No. 784.

NEW YORK

Books, magazines & novels. Out of print
5¢ novels a specialty. Send for lists. Har-
old G. Lorang, Darien Center, N. Y.

E. Wolff, Publisher, 168
West 4th Street, New York, N. Y.
379.

Price 7 Cents

FRESH FROM THE WEST

Or, THE LAD WHO MADE GOOD IN NEW YORK

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Fresh From the West.

"Say, pard, is this here New York?" asked a lad in a cowboy hat and ready-made store clothes, of his seatmate, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance, as a Pennsylvania train from the West reached the outskirts of Jersey City one morning.

"Oh, no; this is Jersey City," replied the other, whose name was Bob Brigham, and who was returning from a brief business trip to Philadelphia.

"How much further to New York?" asked the young Westerner, who had introduced himself as Jeremiah Anderson, fresh from a Colorado ranch, where he had been living ever since he had been knee high to a grasshopper.

"Not much," answered Bob, whose snappy style had attracted the boy from the West. "The train will run into the depot presently. Then we'll take a ferryboat across the river to the city."

"What river have we got to cross?"

"The Hudson."

"Waal, I'll foller you, pard, if you don't object, seeing as you know the ropes."

"All right. I'll put you through. Where are you going to stop?"

"Why, in New York, o' course."

"I mean where are you going to put up—at a hotel?"

"If I knew where I could strike a cheap one I reckon I'd hang out thar untill I got the hang of things. It would have to be cheap, for I hain't got no extra money to pay fancy prices with."

"Why don't you try a furnished room, then, and eat at a restaurant?"

"That suits me, if you can steer me on to one."

"Then you'd better come with me. I've got a room at the house of a widow named Brown, in Greenwich Village, and I can find you one either in our house or next door."

"Count me on, pard. I'd like first-rate to live in the same house with you. I've sized you up as a pretty decent chap, and I'm bound to say that I've taken a fancy to you. You could put me next to things in town. I'm pretty raw, you know. I've lived on a ranch nearly all my life, and the city is new to me."

At this juncture the train rolled into the depot sheds and came to a stop.

"Here we are. Come along, Anderson. How about your trunk? You've got one, haven't you?" said Bob, as he seized his grip.

"Well, yes, I've a trunk—a small one. It's in the baggage-car. A man with a book and a string

of checks on his arm came along while you was up front a while ago and asked me if I wanted my baggage delivered, but as I didn't know whar I was goin' to fetch up I told him I'd look after my trunk myself," said Jerry, as they passed along the aisle.

"Well, you might as well have it sent to Mrs. Brown's on a chance. If there's no room for you there I'll help you carry it to another place."

"All right, pard. Whar'll I find the man?"

"We'll find an agent of the transfer company before we reach the boat."

Outside of the waiting-room the transfer company maintained a desk where a representative took orders for the transfer of baggage, and Bob piloted Anderson there.

Jerry passed his check over, paid fifty cents and got a receipt, then the boys hurried on board the ferryboat, which was on the point of leaving its slip.

Bob took the young Westerner forward where he could get his first view of the big city on the other side of the river.

It filled the vista from the end at the Battery, northward, as far as the eye could reach—a tremendous collection of buildings, among which the great skyscrapers stood out prominently.

"So that there's New York?" exclaimed Jerry, gazing open-mouthed at the picture.

"That's what it is."

"I'll be doggoned if it ain't a mighty big town. I can't see no end of it."

"The end is miles and miles above the furthest point you can see from here," replied Bob.

Jerry expressed astonishment at the speed the steamers made, and he didn't say anything more till the ferryboat ran into her slip and Bob, taking him by the arm, rushed him up to West street.

The wide thoroughfare was crowded at that hour with vehicles of every kind, chiefly freight trucks, carrying loads to different steamship piers.

It was chock full of life and motion and the Westerner gaped at the picture.

"I'll be doggoned if this don't beat the deck. This here beats anythin' I seen in San Loo' and Cincinnati," he said.

Bob chuckled and led him across the street and up to the station of the Ninth avenue elevated railroad on Cortlandt street.

The run to Desbrosses street, which was as far uptown as they went, was made in a short time, and they were presently down in the street again.

The little two-story and basement brick house where Bob lodged was only about three blocks from the station, and they soon reached it.

Bob let himself in with his latch-key and Jerry accompanied him.

"Come up to my room," said Bob, and up they went.

Bob had a square room in the back, overlooking a vista of backyards and roof-tops.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he said to his companion.

"How much do you pay for this?" asked Jerry, thinking it a pretty nice room.

"Two fifty a week."

"I dunno as I can afford so much," said Jerry.

"There are two small hall rooms on this floor for which the missus gets \$1.50 for the front one and \$1.25 for the one in the rear, next to this."

"I'd like to get the one next to you," said Jerry.

"When I went to Philadelphia the chap who had that room was going to leave last Saturday. He's probably gone, but Mrs. Brown may have rented it to somebody else. I'll go and interview her about it. If it's vacant I'll tell her that you'll take it."

Bob left the room and went down to the basement.

The lady of the house was sewing in the kitchen.

"Hello, Mrs. Brown, I'm back again, like a bad quarter!" said Bob, in his cheery tones, bursting in on her.

She was a stout, full-faced, middle-aged little woman, whose accent, in spite of a long residence in the United States, betrayed her London origin.

"Hi'm glad to see you back, Mr. Brigham," she said, with a good-natured smile of welcome. "The 'ouse seems lost without you."

"I didn't know I was of so much importance, Mrs. Brown," grinned Bob. "I thought maybe my temporary absence afforded you a welcome relief."

"Not hat all, Mr. Brigham. You know better than to think that. I consider you my best lodger. No longer hago than lawst night I said to Mrs. 'All, 'oo was hin 'ere a-keepin' me company, that Hi missed you hawfully."

"I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion, Mrs. Brown. I appreciate it very much, indeed. I don't believe there's a better landlady in the city than yourself."

"'Ow you talk, Mr. Brigham!" replied Mrs. Brown, with a pleased smile. "Hi try to do the best Hi can by my lodgers. Hif they want hanythin' hall they 'ave to do his to hawsk for hit."

"That's right. Now, Mrs. Brown, is the hall room next to mine vacant?"

"Yes. Mr. 'Opkins left lawst Saturday and Hi ain't 'ad no call for hit yet."

"Consider it rented, then."

"'Ave you got a tenant for me?"

"I have. Come upstairs and I'll introduced him to you. He's a young cowboy."

"What his 'e?" exclaimed the lady looking at Bob, in a puzzled way.

"He's fresh from the West."

"From Chicago?"

"No, from a Colorado ranch. He's a bit rough

and woolly, but he's all right. I'll be responsible for him, Mrs. Brown."

"Hanybody you recommend, Mr. Brigham, meets with my approval," said Mrs. Brown, following Bob upstairs.

They entered Bob's room.

"Anderson, this is Mrs. Brown, the landlady. The room next door is vacant so you can have it for one-twenty-five a week."

"Hi'm proud to make your hacquaintance, Mr. Handerson. Hany friend of Mr. Brigham's his halways welcome hin my 'ouse. Hi'll try to make your comfortable," said Mrs. Brown.

Jerry acknowledged the introduction in an awkward way, and said he'd take the room.

He produced the first week's rent and Mrs. Brown said she'd send him a receipt.

Thus the boy from the West came to anchor in New York.

CHAPTER II.—Jerry Defends a Young Lady.

Bob and Jerry went to dinner together at a small restaurant on Hudson street, frequently patronized by the former.

After dinner, Bob said he had to go downtown and report at the house where he was employed.

He advised Jerry to remain at the house till he got back, when he would take him out and show him some of the town.

Jerry said he would, but he found himself so lonesome that he went down to the door.

Then he ventured as far as the nearest corner.

He looked at the lamp-post and saw the name of the street and he knew the number of the house.

As he decided to risk going further, he wrote down the street and number so he could inquire his way back to Mrs. Brown's.

Then he went on and was soon strolling up Hudson street.

Hudson street runs into and terminates at West 11th street, but at Banks street, some blocks below that point, Eighth avenue forms a junction with it.

To one unacquainted with the city, Eighth avenue appears to be a continuation of Hudson, because it runs to the right, particularly if the stranger is on the right-hand side of Hudson.

When Jerry reached Eighth avenue he took it, and as it's a long, straight thoroughfare, he kept to it and finally reached the southwest corner of Central Park at 59th street.

The park naturally attracted him, and he entered it by the nearest gate.

In course of half an hour he found his way to the animal section.

There were a good many people about the animal quarters and Jerry's cowboy hat and woolly air attracted as much attention as the animals.

He walked around and presently entered the monkey-house.

Standing in front of the big cage was a very pretty and well-dressed girl of perhaps seventeen years.

She was accompanied by a little girl of ten, who was greatly interested in the antics of the monkeys.

Jerry was particularly struck by the young

lady's face, and he kept as close to her as he felt he ought.

About this time a dudish-looking man of nearly sixty years came along.

He was dressed in a well-made suit that fitted him to a nicety.

A boutonniere graced the lapel of his coat, a solitaire diamond flashed from his up-to-date scarf, and he carried a dapper little cane in his gloved hand.

He appeared to be an aristocratic old party, with more money than brains.

He looked around as if in search of some one, and when his eyes lighted on the young lady and little girl he got a move on and edged up alongside the former.

"A very interesting exhibition, miss," he ventured to remark, with a kind of chuckle.

The young lady turned her head and looked at him.

She made no reply, but seizing the little girl by the hand started to leave.

"Don't be in a hurry, miss. Allow me to point out the various kinds of monkeys in the cage. It will interest your little friend," and he chuckled again.

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady. "You are a stranger to me."

"Then allow me to introduce myself. Here is my card. I am related to the Stuyvesants, the Van Twillers, the DePuysters and many others," he said, taking out a gold-lined ivory card-case and offering her a card.

"I do not accept introductions this way, sir," she said, coolly. "Come, May."

"I assure you I am eminently respectable and very wealthy. I live on Fifth avenue. Your lovely face has quite fascinated me, and I would like to know you better."

"Sir, I do not wish to know you. If you are a gentleman you will cease to annoy me with your undesirable attentions," flashed the girl.

"Ah, you are cruel!" sighed the dude, with a languishing look. "Pray permit me the pleasure of a stroll with you."

He took her by the arm.

"Release my arm, sir! How dare you touch me!"

"Nay, nay, my charmer. You have been flirting with me for the past hour, and now you are trying to play off innocent. If you make a scene I'll show you up."

The girl flushed a deep scarlet.

"You are a contemptible loafer!" she cried. "If you don't leave me I will call on one of the keepers."

"Do so by all means," he said, with a confident smile. "I have you in my power, and will mortify you so you will never dare come here again. I have determined to make your acquaintance, and if you do not yield to my wishes I will say things about you and bring witnesses to prove my words, that will overwhelm you with a sense of—"

Jerry, standing in the background, had watched this little scene with growing indignation.

He felt that the young lady needed a protector, and he jumped into the breach.

He stepped forward and grabbed the elderly dude by the arm.

"Look here, what kind of a critter are you, anyway? I'll be doggoned if I'm goin' to stand by and see you insult any gal. If you don't sheer off and leave her alone I'll knock you into the middle of next week," he said.

"Who are you, fellow?" roared the dude. "Take your hand off my arm or I'll have you arrested."

"I'll take it off when you get a move on. I reckon you're most in danger of arrest, yourself. If this young lady makes a charge against you I'll be a witness for her, for I've heard all you said to her. You're no gentleman, even if you have good clothes on, and it would give me a whole lot of satisfaction to boot such a chap as you out of the place. Where you belong is in that cage with the rest of the monkeys. Now, git, before I raise my boot!"

"You—you insulting puppy, how dare you address such language to me! Take that!" and he struck Jerry with his cane.

A crowd had begun to gather about the principals of the incident, but there was an immediate scattering of the spectators when the boy from the West snatched the cane from the dude's hand, shoved him forward, and then gave him a kick that raised him from the floor.

His derby hat flew one way and his eyeglasses another as he landed on the floor on his back.

Then Jerry seized him by the arm and dragged him through the dirt of the floor to the door and fired him, head-over-heels, out of the house.

CHAPTER III.—Miss Edwards Saves Jerry From Arrest.

Jerry, flushed with the satisfaction of having performed his duty, returned to the monkey cage, where the young lady and the little girl still were.

"I reckon he won't bother you no more, miss," he said, pulling off his wide hat. "I've given him a lesson that'll soak in."

"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness in defending me from that man," said the girl, in a low, sweet tone, which she accompanied with a smile that made Jerry feel quite flattered. "I thank you from my heart."

"You're welcome, miss. If I can be of any further service to you, count on me. I'm from the West, and I ain't been many hours in town, but I reckon I've made an impression on several citizens already."

"I will not trouble you further. You may be sure I won't forget you. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Jerry Anderson. Sorry I haven't a card, but I ain't got down to them things yet. You'll excuse me saying that you're a mighty pretty gal. I wish I had a sister like you. I'll bet I couldn't do enough for her."

The girl blushed and smiled.

Jerry's breezy compliment was too honestly expressed for her to take the least offense at it, even had she been less obliged to him.

"Thank you!" she said, with a little bow. "My name is Miss Edwards. I wish you good-by."

"Good-by, miss!"

At that moment the hatless and bedraggled dude entered the monkey-house with a park policeman.

"Arrest that young ruffian!" he said, pointing at Jerry.

The officer advanced on the young Westerner.

"You're under arrest, young man, for assaulting this gentleman."

Miss Edwards stopped.

"Waal, if you can prove that chap is a gentleman I'll go to jail. I kicked him out of here because he acted like a loafer, grossly insultin' a young lady in my hear'm and sight," said Jerry.

"Come with me," said the policeman, roughly. "I'm going to lock you up."

"Officer," said Miss Edwards, stepping forward, "this is a piece of injustice. That man insulted me in a gross way, and this young man only did what I myself would have done had I been in his place."

"That gentleman insulted you!" cried the officer, opening his eyes, evidently astonished at the young lady's words. "Do you know who this gentleman is?"

"I don't wish to know. He isn't a gentleman," replied the girl, with flashing eyes. "If you arrest that young man my father will have something to say to the Park Commissioners. There is my card. My father is George Edwards, a Bridge Commissioner."

"Is that a fact, miss?" said the policeman, removing his hand from Jerry's arm, clearly intimidated by the statement made by the young lady, backed, in a measure, by her name, that her father was Bridge Commissioner Edwards.

"Yes it is," replied Miss Edwards, in a way that confirmed her statement.

"But, Miss Edwards, there must be some mistake here. This gentleman is Chauncy Chilvers, one of our most respectable citizens. He's a member of a dozen clubs, and a director of the Madison Bank," protested the officer.

"I'm glad to know his name, for my father will probably call him to account for his outrageous conduct to me. If he is all that you say he is, I am surprised he should act as he did. He couldn't have been in his right senses. What I want to know before I leave the park is whether he's going to press any charge against this young man. If he is, I shall see that my father takes the case in hand."

The policeman looked at the demoralized dude. Mr. Chauncy Chilvers had awakened to the fact that he had made a bad mistake in pressing his attentions upon the daughter of a prominent man.

It would be terrible for him and his aristocratic relatives to have his name printed in the yellow journals as an insulter of women.

"Allow me to apologize, Miss Edwards," he said, in a nervous way. "If I had known who you were I wouldn't have intruded myself."

"Your apology now does you very little credit. If I was to tell you what I think of you it would make your ears tingle. You apologize because you see that my father is a public man of some importance, and you are afraid that he will call you sharply to account for your conduct to me. Were it not for that fact I fancy you would try and take revenge on this brave young fellow for

chastising you as you deserved. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that hereafter you will not try to force your company on unprotected ladies."

With those words, Miss Edwards walked away, followed by the admiring gaze of the crowd.

"Here is your hat and cane, Mr. Chillblaines," said Jerry, handing them to the dude. "I reckon you and me are quits."

He started for the door, and no one tried to detain him.

"I'll be doggoned if that gal ain't a regular buster!" said Jerry to himself. "She put it all over Chillblaines without makin' any bones about it. That's the kind of gal I cotton to. Gosh! but she's as pretty as a picture. I wish I knew her better, but thar ain't no danger, seein' as her father is some big commissioner. That dude put both feet in it when he ran up against her. My! but I did land him a sockdolager with that right foot of mine. It's a wonder I didn't h'ist him through the roof of the monkey-house. How Bob Brigham will laugh when I tell him."

Jerry chuckled as he walked away.

Mr. Chauncey Chilvers didn't chuckle when he walked away.

He felt as flat as an pancake, and hastened to make his escape from the park.

Jerry guessed it was time to make tracks for his lodgings, and he began to wonder if he could find his way back.

"I must get out of this here park first and back to that there av'noo I came up. I thought it was Hudson street till I found it was Eighth av'noo. Waal, I've got a mouth and I can ask my way," he said.

He looked around for the policeman who was going to take him to the lock-up.

He saw him strolling about.

Going up to him he said:

"Waal, Mister Police Officer, I want to get out of this here park and reach the corner of Eighth av'noo. Can you p'int out an easy way? I don't know nothin' about the town, except that Eighth av'noo will take me into Hudson street, and then I reckon I'll be able to find the street where Mrs. Brown's house is."

"How long have you been in the city?"

"Got here this morning 'round eleven o'clock."

"I'll take you to 59th street, where the park begins, then you can walk west to the corner of the park and Eighth avenue. A car will take you right down into Hudson street."

The policeman took him to the main entrance, faced him west and told him to go straight ahead as far as the park wall ran.

Jerry followed directions and in due time found himself at Eighth avenue.

He hailed a downtown car, got on board and told the conductor that he wanted to get out at Hudson street.

When the car reached Hudson street the conductor called his attention to the fact.

"Waal, I want to go down a little way. I'll stay on board till I see Tocci's restaurant, then I'll know I'm somewhar near ——— street."

"Is that the street you want to reach?" asked the conductor.

"That's the ticket, pard."

"Then I'll let you off as close as we go to it."

"Will you? You're a brick!"

When Jerry reached the sidewalk he asked his way to ——— street and got there without much trouble.

Then he followed the numbers and landed at Mrs. Brown's front door.

"Waal, now, here I am back all right. Never lost my way once," he muttered, triumphantly. "I reckon New York ain't so hard to get around in after all."

As he had not yet got a passkey he rang the bell and Mrs. Brown came and let him in.

CHAPTER IV.—The Hold-up in the Fog.

Bob was home and asked Jerry where he had been. Jerry told him his experience, and Bob looked surprised. The boys now went out for supper.

After supper Bob treated Jerry to the theater.

While they were in the show-house the weather took on a change.

A dense fog came in from the ocean, enveloped the lower part of town, and worked its way up through the streets.

When the boys came out after the performance the air was thick with a clammy mist.

"You'd have a nice time trying to find your way home in this if you were alone," said Bob to Jerry.

"Waal, I'll allow it wouldn't be any cinch," admitted the Westerner.

"Instead of walking away over to Ninth avenue, we'll go downtown on the Sixth avenue L and walk down Christopher street to ——— street," said Bob.

"All right. Whatever route you take suits me. It was a bang-up show we saw to-night."

"Yes, it's one of the best in town. Do you feel hungry? We'll drop in here and have an oyster stew."

They entered the oyster palace and had a stew.

Then they went on to the elevated station, got a train and were landed at the Eighth street station around midnight.

The downtown station faced upon Christopher street, and they started down that thoroughfare, which was dark and thick with the fog at that time.

The only lights came from the saloons and the misty-looking gas lamps.

For the first block or two their footsteps alone awoke the silent echoes of the night, then they heard footsteps approaching them.

One of Bob's shoe laces came untied and he stopped to fix it.

Jerry stopped, too, of course.

The footsteps came closer and Jerry discerned the misty figure of a man ahead.

He turned in at the entrance to a building.

Directly afterward the boys heard the cry of "Help! murder!"

They started forward on the run to see what was the matter.

They came upon two men holding a third down.

They had doubtless been hiding on that block, for the boys had not noticed their approach.

Jerry rushed forward and seized one of the men, while Bob grabbed the other.

The fellow Bob nabbed had a slung-shot in his hand and he made a vicious lunge with it at the boy's head.

At that moment Bob slipped on the wet pavement and went down.

That mishap saved him, and the man, taking advantage of his chance, made off in the fog at a run and disappeared round the corner of the next street.

Jerry in the meantime was having it hot and heavy with the other man, who was a short, chunky fellow and quite powerful.

He would have mastered any boy but the plucky and sturdy lad from the West, who had muscles of steel.

The fog, however, bothered Jerry, and the man, more used to that kind of weather, succeeded in getting one arm free.

He smashed Anderson in the face, knocking the boy down, and then he made off after his companion as fast as he could go.

Jerry picked himself up with an exclamation of wrath.

"Dern the critter!" he cried. "I thought I had him."

"Never mind, Jerry, let's help the man they knocked down. I don't believe they had the chance to rob him before we came up and spoiled their game."

Bob bent over the man who was groaning feebly.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?" he asked.

A groan was the only answer he got.

Striking a match, Bob held it near the man's face.

The man opened his eyes and looked up.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Bob.

"I'm dying!"

"Dying!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes," groaned the unfortunate.

"What did the rascals do to you?"

"Hit me on the head with something hard and then choked me."

"I don't believe they had time enough to rob you."

The man groaned.

"Where do you live?"

"Upstairs over my store."

"What's your name?"

"Strauss."

"Open that door, Jerry, and we'll take him upstairs."

Jerry found the door ajar, with a key in the lock, as if the man had just unlocked it when he was attacked.

They lifted Strauss and bore him up one flight.

"Is this where you live on the second floor?" asked Bob.

"Yes. Knock on the door. My wife will come," said the man.

Jerry pounded on the door, and after a few minutes a woman, in a kimono, opened the door cautiously on its chain.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Your husband, madam," said Bob. "We brought him up."

"Brought him up! What do you mean? What's the matter with him?"

He was attacked and knocked down on the sidewalk by a couple of thugs. We came up just in time to save him from being robbed," said Bob.

The woman hastily let down the chain and opened the door.

"Is he hurt bad?" she asked, in agitated tones, as the boys carried Strauss in.

"He says he is. We'll get a doctor for him if you say so."

"Lay him on the sofa and get a doctor," she said.

"You stay here, Jerry, till I come back," said Bob, starting off.

"Rachel!" groaned the injured man.

"Yes, Simon."

"Feel in my pocket. I had a package of diamonds. I believe those villains stole it from me."

His wife felt in his pocket.

"There is nothing there. The pocket has been torn half out."

"Robbed! Robbed! Get a policeman at once. I must get those diamonds back or I'm ruined."

Strauss sat up and appeared to be greatly excited.

"Calm yourself, Simon," said his wife.

"Get a policeman, I say! Go, go, get a policeman, do you hear?" he cried, glaring at Jerry.

"Where is the station-house?"

"On Charles street, near Greenwich. Quick! Don't waste a moment. Go! go!"

Jerry started for the door in a perplexed frame of mind.

Where Charles or Greenwich streets were he had not the remotest idea.

He paused at the door and looked at the woman.

"Say, marm, how far are them streets from here? I'm a stranger in town," he said. "I don't reckon I could find the place unless somebody went with me."

"Charles street is two blocks above this. Turn up the next corner, which is Bleecker street, walk two blocks, and then go toward the river. You'll know Greenwich by the elevated railroad tracks which run on it," said Mrs. Strauss.

Jerry was a clear-headed lad and the directions seemed quite simple to him, so he started off to find the police station, known as the Ninth Precinct.

The fog was thicker, if anything, than when he and Bob came down the street, twenty minutes since.

He had to feel his way as it was to the next corner.

"Two blocks up and then turn down toward the river," he muttered. "That's easy enough. Any fool could follow them directions. And Greenwich street has the elevated railroad on it. I reckon I won't miss them stilts in the fog."

The police station, however, was not as far as Greenwich street, being a few doors east of it, on the north side of Charles street.

It was easily identified by the pair of green lamps above the doorway.

As Jerry was sure to strike the south side of Charles street he would doubtless have followed that side down, not knowing that the station was on the opposite side, had he got so far.

He was half way along the second block, keeping close to the house-line, on account of the fog, when he stepped on some slippery substance.

Jerry lost his balance so quickly that before he realized he was down he slid forward, like a boy on roller skates, into a basement opening.

He went bumping down the wooden steps and fetched up at the bottom against a door, the fastenings of which, if it had any, were so insecure as to amount to nothing at all, so it flew open and admitted his body into a place so dark that the gloom could almost be felt.

Jerry fetched up against some unseen obstacle which made him see innumerable stars which, however, were not bright enough to illuminate his surroundings.

"Waal, I'll be goldurned if I ain't up against it for fair!" gasped the Western boy as soon as his progress was arrested.

He looked around, but could make out nothing.

"Whar in thunder have I got to, I'd like to know?" he ejaculated. "A moment ago I was on the sidewalk, a-sailin' along like a steer makin' for cover, and now, gosh-hang it, I'm somewhar underground. I wonder if an earthquake struck the town? I'll be doggoned if this don't beat four aces. Waal, no use of my sittin' here like a fool, I must get up and—oh, gracious!"

The ejaculation was drawn from him as he attempted to rise by his head coming against something hard.

"Gosh! I'll have a lump on my bean as big as a turkey's egg."

He put out his hand, felt of the thing and found it was iron.

It was the end of a small hand-lathe, but he didn't know that.

He shoved himself clear of it and cautiously got on his feet.

"If I had a match now, but I ain't got the ghost of one. I'll bet I've tumbled into a cellar. Now, if I can find where I came in I can get out the same way."

Jerry was only about six feet from the door, which stood open, and had he started in the right direction he would easily have found his way to the sidewalk again.

Instead of that he began feeling his way in the opposite direction, consequently every step he took carried him further from the door.

The cellar was filled with all kinds of junk in the shape of second-hand machinery, tools and kindred articles, and a stranger in the dark was more likely than not to run into or fall over some obstacle at every other step.

The luck that attends drunkards, sometimes, and sleepwalkers, watched over Jerry, however, and though he couldn't see his surroundings at all he steered the only clear course he could have taken in safety, and finally reached the back of the cellar.

"Gosh! I couldn't have slid so far as this. I must have come in the wrong—hello, a light! Good enough; I'll get out now, all right."

He started in the direction of the light, which shone through a glass door.

Reaching the door, he flattened his nose against the glass.

He looked into a small room where he saw two

rough-looking men standing about a tall packing-box on which stood a candle.

Spread out before them on a sheet of newspaper was a score or more of sparkling objects, which Jerry sized up as diamonds.

One of the men he recognized as the rascal he had the tussle with.

Quick as a flash the boy knew he had inadvertently run down the men who got away with Strauss' package of diamonds.

CHAPTER V.—Jerry Captures the Diamonds.

"Waal, I'll be goldarned!" breathed Jerry, as he looked into the room. "I reckon it's up to me to get them diamonds back. How am I going to do it, that's the question? One of them men is big enough for me to handle without figurin' on the two. They may have guns about 'em, too."

Jerry scratched his chin and considered.

It was a difficult problem he was up against.

He saw that the men were dividing the spoils into two piles, but they haggled a good deal over the division, each afraid the other would get the advantage of the spoils.

Finally they got down to the last diamond.

The only way to settle the ownership of this was to toss for it.

At that moment Jerry touched a pile of old iron with his foot.

Several pieces fell with a rattle.

The sound startled the men and they looked toward the door.

Jerry dropped and crawled away a couple of yards.

Both men came to the door, one holding the candle, opened it and looked into the main cellar.

They stood and listened.

"There's somebody in here," said the man with the candle.

"Look around and see," said the other.

"I intend to. Grab up a piece of iron and follow me."

"I'd better go back and watch over the diamonds."

"No, you don't! We'll stay right together."

"Are you afraid to trust me?"

"The diamonds are divided all except one. I don't want them disturbed till we get back. Come, now, keep your eyes skinned while I flash the light around."

Jerry felt that discovery was almost certain in the place where he crouched.

Then, as his hand encountered a small, heavy iron bolt, an idea struck him.

He raised himself and flung it down the room.

It struck a machine and made quite a noise.

"Whoever is here is making for the door. Come on, quick, and we'll nab him before he can get out," said the man with the candle.

The men started down the open space that led to the entrance of the cellar.

The moment they were a few yards away Jerry sneaked into the little room and felt for the packing case.

As soon as he encountered it he felt about for the diamonds.

His fingers struck the nearest pile and he swept them into his pocket.

Then he found the single gem, and presently went to the cellar again.

He watched the rascals till they reached the door, which they found open.

They stood there a few moments, then shut it and blocked it with a heavy piece of iron.

Then they came back, and Jerry took note of the pathway they followed as the light of the candle revealed it to him.

Their talk showed that they believed the intruder had left the cellar, and they decided that they had better leave quick, too.

As soon as they passed into the little room, Jerry made for the door as fast as he could go down the passage.

Before he got half way he heard the men swearing like troopers over the disappearance of the diamonds.

When he tried the door he found it fast and thought the rascals had locked or bolted it till his foot hit the heavy piece of iron they had pushed against it.

As he started to pull the iron away the men reappeared with the candle, at the back.

They heard the noise he made and made a break to reach the door.

Jerry heard them coming and, dislodging the obstruction, opened the door and, in his hurry, fell over the steps.

Recovering himself, he ran up to the sidewalk and started off at a run.

More by good luck than anything else Jerry found himself on the same street as his boarding-house. Just as he started to enter who should come out but Bob himself. Jerry told him all that had happened.

Asking what ought to be done with the diamonds, Bob suggested they deliver them at the station house. Jerry consented.

So they proceeded to the station, where Jerry told his story, turned in the loose diamonds and described the looks of the footpads.

Jerry's name and address was taken down and he was permitted to go.

The boys got back to their lodgings at three o'clock and lost no time in turning in, for both were tired after the night's adventures.

CHAPTER VI.—Jerry Goes To Work.

Bob Brigham had to get up in time to eat his breakfast and get downtown to the place where he was employed, but Jerry, being as yet master of his own time, had no occasion to bestir himself, therefore he slept till near noon.

He found his way to Tocci's restaurant, where he ordered beefsteak, fried potatoes and coffee for his breakfast and dinner combined.

While waiting to be served he picked up an early edition of the afternoon paper and looked it over.

On the first page he saw the story of the midnight assault on Strauss in front of his own door, and that man's rescue by Bob and himself.

Then followed the account of how Jerry had recovered the diamonds.

"Waal, I'll be durned!" ejaculated the Western boy, with a quiet grin. "I reckon I'm a person of some importance when my name appears in the paper. I'll have to buy a paper and send it out to the ranch. The folks thar said I was a blamed two-legged donkey to go East, and that I'd see my finish in no time. Maybe they'll think differently when they read the paper."

After eating his meal Jerry began to consider the necessity of getting work.

His finances were slender, and he couldn't afford to remain idle long.

Bob had told him which morning paper was the best one for him to look for "Help Wanted" advertisements, and he bought a copy, in addition to the afternoon paper.

It was rather late in the day to hope to catch on to anything calling for a personal application, as such positions were likely to have been filled some hours before, but Jerry didn't figure on that fact.

He looked the advertisements over and one in particular caught his eye.

This is how the advertisement read:

"Wanted—A stout boy, about eighteen, to make himself generally useful. One who has not been long in the city preferred. Call in person at Room 16, No. — Broadway, between one and three."

"I reckon I'll try that," said Jerry to himself. "Call between one and three. It's nearly one now. I'll go there at once. Say, pard," he said, showing the address of the advertisement to the newsman at whose stand he had bought the papers, "how will I get thar? I'm a stranger in town and haven't got my bearin's yet. Whar's Broadway, and is that number up or down?"

The dealer looked at the address on the advertisement.

"That's uptown somewhere near the Bijou Theater, I should think."

"I don't know whar the Bijou Theater is no more'n the man in the moon."

"Walk up two blocks and you'll come to Christopher street. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Turn to your right and walk straight to the Sixth avenue L station at the head of the street."

"I reckon that's the place where me and my pard got out at last night."

"Then walk straight up Sixth avenue, or take a train to the junction with Broadway. When you get there, look around or inquire for the number you want."

"All right, pard, I'll do that," said Jerry, who then started off.

He found no difficulty in reaching the junction of Sixth avenue and Broadway at 32d street and found the number in the same block with the Bijou Theater.

He walked up a narrow stairway, for the building was not a modern one, and looked for Room 16.

It was on the third floor.

The sign on the door read, "The Smith Mfg. Co."

Jerry knocked and was told to enter.

He walked in and found himself in a small room, the walls covered with a cheap brand of paper, which had been up a long time.

The ceiling was clouded with tobacco smoke and smoke from the gas-jet.

In a corner, beside a window looking on Broadway, was a common rolltop desk, at which sat a man in a business suit, his hat on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth, talking with a man in a chair alongside of the desk.

Both men regarded Jerry and his cowboy appearance with some interest.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the man at the desk, stroking his long mustache.

"You advertised for a boy to make himself generally useful, didn't you?" said Jerry.

"Yes. Are you after the job?" said the man.

"I reckon that's what brought me here."

"Pull up a chair and I'll talk to you."

Jerry did so.

"Are you from the West?" the man asked.

"Yes. From a ranch in Colorado."

The men exchanged looks.

"Come to New York to make a living, eh?"

"That's right, pard."

"How long have you been in town?"

"I come yesterday mornin'."

"Only a day here. What's yur name?"

Jerry told him.

"Where are you stopping?"

"No. — Bedford street."

"With a relative?"

"No."

"Then you haven't any friends in the city?"

"Nobody but my friend Bob."

"Who is he?"

"A boy about my size and age who works downtown in a wholesale house."

"Do you room with him?"

"My room is next to his."

"You never worked in an office before, I suppose?"

"No."

"What did you do on the ranch?"

"Tended cattle and did anythin' I was told."

"Well, I think you'll suit us. I'll give you a trial. How much wages do you want?"

"I want enough to live on."

"How does six dollars a week strike you?"

"I guess I can live on that."

"All right. My name is Smith. I am the manager of a company that manufactures novelties. There's a few of our samples on that table over there and on the shelves. Our factory is up in the Bronx—that's the upper part of the city on the other side of the Harlem River. I will show you where it is, and how to get there, after a while. For the present you are to stay in this room and attend to any visitors or buyers who drop in. You will open up in the morning at nine o'clock. I will give you the key. You can go to lunch between twelve and one, locking up the office. At five o'clock you can lock up for the day and go home. You'll find it an easy job, as jobs run. Come on, Baxter," to his companion, "we'll go to the corner."

Smith got up, told Jerry to sit down at his desk, handed him the key to the room and then he and the other man walked out.

Jerry looked around the room and then out of the window.

"Six dollars a week and nothin' partic'lar to do," he thought. "That ain't bad. I reckon Bob will be surprised to hear that I caught on so quick. I wonder what kind of novelties the Smith Mfg. Co. make?"

He went over and examined the various articles on the table and the narrow shelves.

They didn't seem to amount to much, in Jerry's eyes.

On one of the shelves was a big bunch of circulars, advertising, two or three of the novelties, with the Smith Mfg. Co. at the bottom.

On the floor under the shelves were two boxes of envelopes.

As far as the office went it looked very cheap to Jerry, as little as he knew about offices in general.

However, that was nothing to him as long as he got his \$6 per week.

He returned to his seat and amused himself looking out on Broadway.

Half an hour later Smith came in and Jerry vacated the desk.

"I suppose you'd like to do something to keep busy," said the man.

Jerry admitted that he'd prefer to be busy, as he was used to it.

Smith produced a bunch of long slips on which were typewritten names and addresses.

"After I go away you can address envelopes from those boxes under the shelves from these addresses, checking the names off as you proceed. Then put one of those circulars on that shelf into each envelope and turn the flap in without sealing it, this way," and Smith illustrated his meaning. "Understand?"

Jerry said he understood.

At that moment the postman entered and left about a dozen letters.

Smith opened them and dumped from each a few stamps.

"These are orders for samples of our novelties," said Smith. "I shall want you to mail them to the names written in each. I'll pick the article out for you, and show you how to wrap them up."

Smith picked out the various articles, placed them on the letters, and then showed Jerry how to prepare them for the mail-bag.

Shortly afterward he went away, and the boy didn't see him again that day.

Jerry wrapped up the novelties, and when he was done with that job he started addressing the envelopes and putting a circular in each.

At half-past four the other man entered the office and told Jerry to make a bundle of the novelties, as he weighed them on a little scale and affixed stamps on them.

After he had done that the man handed him a lot of one-cent stamps and told him to put them on the envelopes and then tie the lot in a bunch.

"Now," said the man, "I'll show you where the branch post-office is. After you have turned in the mail-matter you can go home."

He took Jerry to Station E, on West 32d street, and showed him where to put the mail matter in.

The lad from the West then walked down Sixth avenue, as he preferred to save a nickel, thence down Christopher to Bedford, which ran into that street, and so on to Mrs. Brown's house, where he let himself in with his latch-key.

Bob hadn't got home yet, so Jerry sat down in his own room to wait for him.

CHAPTER VII.—Jerry Loses His Easy Job.

Bob turned up at half-past six and Jerry came into his room.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself to-day?" asked Bob.

"Workin'," replied Jerry.

"Have you caught a job already?"

"Waal, you can bet I have."

"You haven't lost any time, I see. What kind of a job is it?"

"It's an office job. Smith Mfg. Co., on Broadway near 30th street."

"What does the firm manufacture?"

"A lot of stuff which the boss calls novelties."

"Do they make them on the premises?"

"No they've got a factory uptown somewhar in the Bronx."

"How much pay are you to get?"

"Six dollars a week."

"What do you have to do?"

Jerry explained how he had been employed that afternoon.

Bob thought he had caught on to a good place till he described the office.

"It doesn't seem to be much of an office," he said.

"It ain't," admitted Jerry, "but I suppose Smith knows his business."

"Well, I hope you collect the six dollars."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because it looks like a one-hoss place."

"I reckon they do most of their business at the factory."

"They must if they do anything worth mentioning. Ready to go to supper?"

Jerry was, and they went off together.

When the Western lad reached the office at nine next morning there were two bags full of something that were not there when he closed up the afternoon before.

Smith came in around ten.

Shortly afterward a man called with a cheap trunk.

In a few minutes Smith told Jerry to go to the transfer company's office on Broadway below 23d street and leave a call for a trunk.

Jerry carried out his instructions all right, and when he got back the contents of the bags had disappeared, while the bags themselves lay under the table.

"When the transfer company's man calls give him that trunk," said Smith. "There's the address he's to take it to, and there is forty cents to pay the charge."

Smith then went away and Jerry continued addressing envelopes.

The morning passed away and about half-past twelve the transfer company's man called for the trunk and took it away.

Jerry locked up and went to a cheap lunch-house on Sixth avenue, which Smith recommended him to.

He had been back half an hour when the door opened and a chunky-looking man came, in a free-and-easy way.

The moment Jerry looked at him he was certain he was the rascal he had had the struggle with at the time Strauss was assaulted on Christopher street in the fog.

The fellow half recognized Jerry, but wasn't quite certain of his identity with his hat off.

"Who are you, young fellow?" he asked, looking hard at the boy.

"What's that to you?" replied Jerry. "What's your business?"

"Did Smith hire you to look after the office?"

"What if he did? Want to buy some novelties?"

"Novelties be—where's Smith?"

"Out."

"Seems to me I've seen you before somewhere," said the visitor, sitting down, pulling out a cigar and lighting it.

"Waal, I'm large enough to be seen. Did you call to see Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, I called to see Mr. Smith. Any objection?"

"No, if you've got business with him."

"How long have you been working here?"

"Since I was hired, pard."

"And when was that?"

"Yesterday, if you want to know real bad."

"How long have you been acquainted with Smith?"

"What do you want to know that for? What difference does it make to you how long I've known him?"

"I just asked out of curiosity."

"Then you'd better ask him when he comes in."

"You look as if you came from the West."

"Then I reckon my looks tell the truth."

"What business did you follow out there?"

"Looked after cattle and did other things."

"You were a cowboy, then?"

"Maybe I was."

"How long have you been East?"

"Say, you're awfully curious about me, pard. I think you'd better cork up and let me go on with my work."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm just amusin' myself writin' people's names on envelopes."

The visitor was silent for a minute or two.

"Did Smith tell you when he'd be back?"

"No."

"Have you any idea when he'll be here?"

"No."

Another interval of silence followed, during which the caller smoked away and watched Jerry.

"Where do you live, young fellow?" he asked at length.

"In the city," replied the boy as he began addressing a fresh envelope.

"Whereabouts?"

"I ain't saying wharabouts."

"Why not?"

"Look here, is your name Jerry Anderson?"

"I'll allow that it is."

The man uttered a smothered oath and glared savagely at him.

At that moment Smith came in.

"Hello, Bunny. Where have you been for the last week?" said Smith. "I was afraid you'd been——"

"Come outside, I want to talk to you," said the man addressed as Bunny, grabbing Smith by the arm and pulling him out into the corridor.

"That's one of the chaps who got away with Strauss' diamonds. What brings him here? And he seems to know Mr. Smith mighty well. I don't like the looks of this for a cent," thought Jerry.

Ten minutes passed away and then Smith came back without the visitor.

He went over the mail left by the postman and handing the orders to Jerry told him to see if he could fill them.

With a little help from Smith he made up the packages for the mail.

"Say, Anderson, I saw a name similar to yours in the paper yesterday. A boy named Jerry Anderson recovered some diamonds that had been stolen from a man, night before last, on Christopher street. Are you that boy?" asked Smith.

"Waal, I allow I was," admitted Jerry.

"You were going for a policeman when you fell into a cellar, and there you discovered the thieves and tricked them out of the diamonds?"

"That's right."

"You're quite a clever boy."

"I dunno. It was just an accident."

"Getting into the cellar was an accident, but recovering the diamonds was a smart piece of business."

"Waal, that's the way I do things."

"You gave the police 'a description of the thieves. Think you'd know them if you saw them again?"

"I reckon I might."

Smith looked out of the window, and then stretching himself in a lazy way got up, put on his hat and went out.

Jerry scratched his chin and contemplated the novelty samples.

"I wonder if this manufacturin' company is all right? Seems to me there's something wrong with it. Smith, the boss, appears to be on good terms with a man I'm willin' to sw'ar committed assault and robbery. This here job of mine isn't goin' to last, I reckon. I must talk it over with Bob. If this here office is carryin' on some kind of shady business the chances are it ain't no manufacturin' company at all, only pretendin' to be. First thing I know I may be in trouble myself for bein' connected with it," thought Jerry.

Smith didn't return, neither did Baxter put in appearance.

As there was no one to hand out stamps for the mail matter, Jerry, after waiting till a quarter past five, put on his hat and went home.

He was unaware that he was followed part of

the way down Sixth avenue by the man called Bunny.

When Bob returned from business Jerry laid matters before him.

"This company you're with looks very queer, Jerry. I think you'd better see the police. It's your duty, anyway, to report that the man you suspect as being concerned in the assault and robbery of Strauss called at your office this afternoon and appears to be on good terms with your boss. The police are looking for those two crooks, and if you can help them get hold of one of them you'll be doing good service to the public," said Bob.

"I reckon you are right, Bob," said Jerry. "Whatever you say goes with me."

They went to supper, and after supper they went to the Charles street police station, where Jerry had a talk with the officer in charge.

A detective was called and Jerry told his story over again to him.

He told the Western lad to go to work in the morning as if nothing had happened, and Jerry did so.

The entrance to the building was watched and Smith, whose appearance had been described by Jerry, was spotted when he went in.

When he came out again in a short time he was followed to a Sixth avenue saloon, where he met Baxter and Bunny.

They were presently joined by another man.

After watching them a while the bunch was arrested by the detectives.

The transfer company was visited and the address which the trunk was received at the Broadway office was obtained.

Armed with a search-warrant, the officers went to the house and found a big lot of stolen goods.

Two women were pulled in, and on being examined by the police they admitted that Smith and Baxter lived there and that the stuff had been sent there by them.

Jerry was called to the Tenderloin station, where the prisoners had been taken, and he recognized Bunny and the other man as the pair who assaulted Strauss and stole the diamonds.

Further police investigation revealed the fact that Smith and Baxter were professional crooks who had been running a bluff novelty business from the little office—their factory being a pure fake—for some weeks as a cover for their crooked business.

Their arrest ended the office and business, and Jerry's job.

He lost two days' time, but he gained some experience, and the satisfaction of having been the means of putting four rascals in jail and on the road to the State prison, which they eventually reached.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jerry Becomes a Street Merchant.

"Waal, I reckon I've got to begin all over again," said Jerry, on the evening of the arrest of Smith and his pals, and the closing down of the novelty office as he and Bob returned to their lodgings, after supper.

It was Saturday night and the end of the week.

"Oh, well, you ought to catch a job next week," said Bob, encouragingly.

"If one comes floatin' in my direction you can bet that I'll grab it."

"How are your funds?"

"Oh, they'll hold out a while yet."

"If you should need any money you want to let me know. I'll see you through."

"Thanks, pard, but I guess I'll manage to pull through without help."

Next morning, when they went to breakfast, each bought a different Sunday paper, and after reading the news and other parts, both got down to work on the want advertisements.

A list was picked out for Jerry to call on next morning, and in addition to them he answered eight others by mail.

Bob bought the Western lad a pocket street guide to the city, and Jerry spent a good part of the afternoon and evening studying it with the help of Bob.

By the time he turned in he had a good theoretical idea of the lay of New York's business thoroughfares in the lower part of the city.

Above 14th street the streets ran easy, with Fifth avenue as the dividing line between the East Side and the West Side.

Jerry started out early next morning with his list and his street guide to prompt him, and spent all morning in vain to land a job.

His appearance operated against him in some places, his lack of knowledge of the city in others, while his inability to furnish references killed his chances in the majority of cases.

By the time he had exhausted his list he had learned that picking up a job, even in the numerous cases where a boy was wanted, was a somewhat precarious venture.

About one o'clock he entered a cheap restaurant on William street, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, to get something to eat.

The noon rush was over, and he had a table to himself.

He contented himself with a plate of ham and beans, with coffee, the price of which amounted to the modest sum of fifteen cents.

Before he finished, a rather tough-looking young fellow sat down at the same table, and after looking Jerry over, entered into conversation with him.

"You're from the West, aren't you?" said the stranger.

"Waal, I don't see any reason for denyin' it," replied Jerry. "I reckon I must have the map of Colorado on my face for everybody asks me that question."

The stranger grinned.

"So you're from Colorado? Playing at a dime museum?"

"No. I don't know nothin' 'bout dime museums."

"Come to town to blow yourself and see the sights?"

"No. I came here to work."

"Are you working?"

"No. Been around all mornin' lookin' for a job, but nobody wanted me. The trouble is I can't furnish references."

"Then you're up against it. Why don't you go into business for yourself?"

"Don't know any business, and haven't any capital if I did."

"Two dollars will start you."

"Two dollars! At what?" cried Jerry.

"A street merchant. Your appearance would help you along fine if you can put up a bark."

"A bark!"

"Spiel—talk. You've got to advertise your goods to the passers-by. That cowboy hat and tanned skin of yours would easily draw a crowd and help you out. If you want to tackle the business I'll take you around to Ann street where I outfit myself. I'll introduce you to a man who will furnish you with a cart, a stock of goods and a license for a deposit of \$2. What do you say? You ought to do well. At any rate, you wouldn't lose anything by making the experiment. I'll put you up to a few tricks of the trade and tip you off how to manage with the cops."

"Say, pard, what's your name?" asked Jerry, who was disposed to be cautious of strangers since the Smith Mfg. Co. episode.

"Toby Tubbs."

"Whar do you live?"

"At the Waldorf-Astoria when I'm flush, at the Barbican House, on the Bowery, when I ain't," grinned the young man.

"You don't seem to be flush now."

"No, I'm down on my luck. I had a good day yesterday with the wagon and I backed Stem in the third race. I thought it was a pipe. He wasn't in it, so I lost my long green."

"I don't quite catch on, pard."

Tubbs proceeded to explain that Stem was a horse which he had backed in an out-of-town race.

As the horse didn't win he had lost the money he put up on the animal.

Jerry, having nothing better to do, said he'd go around and see the Ann street man, so he and Tubbs left the restaurant together.

"It's rather late to get to work," said Tubbs, "but you'll have time enough to get broke in if you tackle it."

"Why ain't you workin' to-day?"

"I just got up. I'm going to put in the afternoon."

"What are you goin' to sell?"

"Anything that's left for me to take out."

They turned into Ann street, a very narrow thoroughfare, lined with old buildings, where various kinds of business was carried on.

The sidewalk was narrow and somewhat congested, and they had to pick their way to Nassau street.

Above that street pedestrians were numerous, and the curb on the north side was lined with the carts of street merchants, none of whom looked over their shoulders.

"Here's where we hang out," said Tubbs. "All these chaps with carts are in the business I spoke to you about. Hello, Bunce!" he said to a pal. "Let me introduce you to my friend Anderson."

Bunce nodded and eyed Jerry curiously.

"Belong to some show?" he asked.

"No," replied Jerry. "I'm from Colorado."

"Fresh from the West, eh?"

"Yes, but I ain't as fresh as some guys I've met since I come here."

"That's a good wheeze!" grinned Tubbs, clapping Jerry on the back.

Then he told Bunce that he was going to start Jerry in the business.

"If you chaps take out carts you'll have to take em up Theater Alley, as the line is full," said Bunce.

"That's the worst of beginning late. Maybe we'll go down on Fulton street," said Tubbs.

"Then you'll have to keep on the move. It's a bad place to take a new hand."

"He'll soon learn the ropes," said Tubbs. "Come on, Anderson."

He took Jerry up to the middle of the block and then down into a dirty basement.

In the back part of the place a man was seated at a cheap desk, smoking a pipe and reading an afternoon paper by lamplight.

"Hello, Regan!" said Tubbs. "This is my friend Anderson. He wants to take out a cart."

"Do you want one yourself?"

"Yes."

"Only got one left."

"Start him with a hand-bag, then."

Tubbs explained that Jerry was raw at the business, and asked him what he could break him in with.

"I've got a new puzzle novelty I can give him. Seventy-two cents a dozen. It sells for a dime. It's a cracker-jack. He can take a couple of dozen out in a bag and try his luck. He ought to do well. I'll show him how it's worked after I fix you out."

The only thing left for Tubbs to take out was a lot of cheap cologne in fancy bottles, and he started off with it, telling Jerry he would find him up Theatre Alley.

"Don't you go up Theater Alley," said Regan. "I'm going to give you a hot article that I haven't sent on the street yet, and you want to go where the people are. Fulton street, on the south side, anywhere between Broadway and Dutch, is the best location for you to start."

He brought out a hand-bag and laid it on his desk.

Then he took a box from a shelf and produced one of the new puzzles.

It was called link-the-link puzzle and consisted of two duplicate pieces of thick metal each curved at one end and linked together.

The links were not complete, but though at first glance they looked easy to separate, the cross-piece at the curved end of each link made the task impossible unless you learned the knack of giving them the proper twist.

Regan handed Jerry the puzzle and asked him to separate the links.

Jerry tried, but failed completely.

Regan took it out of his hand and accomplished it in a moment.

Then he showed Jerry how it was done, and made him practice it till he got it down fine.

He put two dozen of the puzzles in the bag, pinned a license badge on Jerry's coat, told him to take the outfit down to Fulton street, one block away, hang the bag in front of him by the strap

and then start in and call the attention of the passers-by to the puzzle.

Jerry was asked to put up \$2 deposit, which he did.

"Get back around seven or half-past," said Regan. "Your profit will be four cents on each one you sell, and your deposit will be returned when you turn in the bag with the money and unsold puzzles."

CHAPTER IX.—Jerry Meets Miss Edwards Again.

With his bag in his hand, Jerry passed down Ann street to Nassau.

He did not go up Theater Alley to see Toby Tubbs, for that would only be a waste of time.

When he reached the southeast corner of Fulton street and looked at the crowd passing up and down he felt a bit shy of opening up business.

He stepped to the curb and took out one of the puzzles, held it up and proceeded to take it apart.

While he was thus engaged, two young fellows stopped and looked at the novelty.

"Is that something new?" asked one.

"Bet your life it is!" said Jerry. "Try and see if you can separate them links."

While they were trying, without success, Jerry tried another himself.

"How do you do it?" asked one of the chaps.

"This way," said Jerry, with a quick twist.

The young man tried again, but with no better results.

Then Jerry showed him the knack.

The result was, he sold a puzzle to each of the young fellows.

"Gosh! Them went easy. I guess I'll do some business, after all. Here you are, gentlemen, the newest puzzle on the market. Step up and see it. I'll give anybody a dollar who can separate these links."

The offer of a dollar drew a crowd, and half a dozen people were soon busy at them.

Nobody could master the mystery, consequently Jerry's reckless offer proved safe enough.

"How do you do it?" asked one of those interested.

"Full directions on that paper."

In five minutes he had sold half a dozen more.

Inside of twenty minutes Jerry had sold a dozen, and an hour later he disposed of the last of his stock.

"That man ought to have given me more than two dozen," he said, as he started back, observing by the clock on the corner that it was only half-past three. "Waal, I suppose I can get some more. Let me see, I've made nearly a dollar. That ain't so bad for me. I ought to make another dollar before I quit. That's better than six per week. This street business ain't so bad, after all."

He returned to the cellar and found Regan on the sidewalk, talking to a man.

"Say, pard, can I have some more of them link-the-link puzzles?" he said.

"Have you sold out?"

"You look in the bag and if you can find one left I'll give you a dollar."

"You've done well. Come downstairs."

Jerry turned his receipts over to the man, who handed him 96 cents and two dozen more of the puzzles.

The Western lad returned to Fulton street, and by half-past five had sold all but one.

"I guess I'll quit for the day," he said. "I'll carry this one home and sell it to Bob."

On his way back he went up Theater Alley and found Toby Tubbs talking to one of his friends.

"Hello, Anderson! How have you made out?" he said.

"I ain't kickin'."

"How many puzzles did you sell?"

"Four dozen."

"Going to blow me to a beer for putting you on to the business?"

"Here's a nickel. Treat yourself. I don't drink."

"Look after my cart," Tubbs said to his pal.

Jerry returned the bag to Regan, settled with him and got his two dollars back.

"Come down around ten in the morning," said Regan, "and I'll send you out with half a gross."

Jerry said he'd be on hand, and he started for the corner of Park Row.

Reaching the corner he made a bee-line for the post-office building, one side of which faces on Broadway, up which he intended to walk.

He intended to walk up to Houston street and follow that west to Bedford street, his nearest way home.

He got interested in the sight, however, passed the street he meant to take and before he woke up he found himself in front of Wanamaker's store, some blocks above.

"Waal, I wonder where I'm at now? I'll have to look at my map," he said to himself.

At that moment out of the lower door of the store came a pretty young lady, swinging a handsome bag in her hand.

Jerry saw and recognized her.

"Waal, I'll be doggoned if that ain't Miss Edwards. I wish I dared speak to her, but I reckon I better not. She's—waal, I'll be derved!"

The exclamation was drawn from him by the action of a foxy-looking young man who sidled up to her, snatched her bag from her hand and cut across Broadway into Eighth street.

Jerry was after him like a shot.

And Jerry could run some, as the thief soon discovered.

Finding he was sure to be caught if he stayed on the street, he darted into an open doorway and ran up the stairs.

Jerry followed him in, with the length of the stairs between them.

The crook took to the second flight, almost upsetting a man coming down.

The collision gave Jerry the advantage of several feet, and he was close upon the rascal when the fellow rushed up the third and last flight.

The thief saw a ladder communicating with the scuttle opening on the roof.

He made a desperate effort to escape from the building that way, but he couldn't get the scuttle open before Jerry caught him by the leg and dragged him down.

The fellow dropped the bag and pulled a revolver.

Jerry gave his wrist a kick that sent the gun flying, then threw himself on the man, and pulling out his handkerchief, bound his hands behind his back.

He picked up the rascal's revolver and then yanked him on his feet.

Securing the bag, he said:

"Now, then, step out lively, or I'll be golderned if I won't make you see several different kinds of stars."

He pushed him to the head of the stairs and forced him to descend the three flights to the street, then he marched him back toward the department store.

Miss Edwards, surrounded by a bunch of women who were sympathizing with her and offering various suggestions, was standing where she had been robbed when Jerry brought up the thief.

"Here's your bag, Miss Edwards, and here's the chap who stole it," said Jerry, pushing his way forward with his prisoner.

"Why, Mr. Anderson, is that you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss Edwards. Glad to be of service to you once more. Here's your bag. This chap ought to be arrested."

"Here's a policeman," said a woman.

The officer had been attracted to the spot by the crowd, and he pushed his way to the front.

The case was explained to him and he took charge of the thief.

Miss Edwards gave her name and address and promised to appear against the man.

Jerry gave his name and address and promised to be on hand as a witness.

Then the policeman marched his prisoner away, and part of the crowd followed them, while the rest scattered, leaving Miss Edwards and Jerry by themselves.

"This is quite a pleasant surprise to me," said the girl. "And to think our second meeting is the occasion of your rendering me another service. Really, I don't know how to thank you enough," she said, with a winsome smile.

"Then don't try, Miss Edwards," replied Jerry, "I'm only too glad to do you a favor."

"It's very kind of you to say so Mr. Anderson. I have thought of you several times since our meeting in the park that afternoon. My father and mother feel under considerable obligations to you for defending me against that silly young man, who ought to know better than to employ his idle time insulting unprotected ladies. My parents, as well as myself, would be pleased to have you call at our home. I will give you my card with my address. May we expect a visit from you soon?" she said, handing him her card.

"What, Miss Edwards, I should be glad to call, if you want me to, but I hain't had much experience visitin' young ladies, partic'ly them of the upper crust, like yourself," said Jerry.

"Mr. Anderson, don't worry about such a little thing as that. Whatever you may lack in polish I am sure you more than make up by real manliness and the chivalry that every true man extends to a woman. Well, I must go home now,

as I shall be late to dinner. You will call on us soon, won't you?"

"Yes, Miss Edwards, if you will say when I had better come."

"Well, shall we say Thursday evening?"

"All right. I'll be on hand, then," said Jerry, and with that promise they parted and the boy went home by way of Eighth and Christopher streets.

CHAPTER X.—Jerry's Business Success.

Next morning, at half-past ten, the boy from the West was in court, and soon afterward Miss Edwards arrived with her father.

As soon as she saw Jerry she beckoned him over and introduced him to her father, who shook hands with him and said he was glad to meet him.

He thanked Jerry for services he had rendered his daughter, and assured him if he could be of any use to him he would be glad to respond.

The magistrate and court officers knew Commissioner Edwards, and the former invited the gentleman to take a seat beside him.

He accepted the invitation, leaving his daughter with Jerry.

The prisoner was presently called to the bar and pleaded "Not guilty."

Miss Edwards told her story and identified him as the person who had snatched away her bag.

Jerry then testified to having seen the man steal the bag and run off with it.

He described how he had chased and finally captured him, recovering the bag and handing him over to a policeman.

The fellow had nothing to say on his own behalf, and the magistrate remanded him to jail.

Mr. Edwards, his daughter and Jerry then left the court together.

The Bridge Commissioner asked Jerry many questions about himself, and learned that he had tired of ranch life and came to New York to try to find an opening for himself.

At parting, Miss Edwards reminded Jerry that they would expect to see him at their home on Thursday evening, and he promised to be there.

He then went down to Ann street, got his supply of puzzles for the day, and started off to sell them.

He did not confine himself wholly to Fulton street, but went up on Broadway about the time the clerks were going home from work, and when six o'clock came he had sold five dozen puzzles and cleared a profit for the day of \$2.40.

He reported his success to Bob when he got home.

Next day he worked from ten till six and sold half a gross, clearing \$2.88.

On Thursday he did equally well, extending his route down Broadway to Wall Street.

His total earnings for the four days was \$10.63. That evening he called on the Edwardses.

He had laid out the \$10 in a department store suit of clothes a new hat and a neat necktie, and when he presented himself that evening he looked like a different boy.

He was a stalwart, manly and good-looking

chap, and Miss Edwards was much surprised, as well as pleased, at his improved looks.

Mrs. Edwards thanked him for the services he had rendered her daughter, and assisted Miss May in making him feel at home.

He passed a very pleasant evening, and was invited to call again, which showed that he had made a good impression on his hosts.

Next day he sold the puzzles down in lower Broadway and on the Battery.

On Saturday he returned to Fulton street and divided his time between that and Nassau street.

Both days netted him about \$5.

After the talk with Bob he decided to transfer his field of labor uptown to Sixth avenue.

He bought a bag and paid for a gross of the puzzles, with the understanding that if he had to return any they would be taken back.

He spent a week around the shopping district and earned \$16.

On his fourth week he worked further uptown, and finally spent a day on 125th street, his receipts in the way of profit being about \$14.

He visited the Edwards again and described to Miss May his experience as a street merchant.

Finally she asked him if he wouldn't like to do something better than that.

He said he would if he could get it.

She then said she would speak to her father and ask him to get him a job.

Jerry was kind of tired of selling the link-the-link puzzle, and as Regan had nothing better, and not caring to go out with a wagon, he severed connection with the Ann street cellar, somewhat to the proprietor's regret, for Jerry had proved himself a good salesman.

The boy's ideas of his own abilities had expanded with his success, and he was anxious to get hold of something that would pay him still better.

It was about this time that Bunny and his pal were tried for the assault on Strauss.

Jerry and Bob were both witnesses in the case.

After the men were convicted, Strauss took Jerry aside and handed him \$50 for recovering the diamonds.

About this time Commissioner Edwards got Jerry a temporary job as inspector of street opening at \$12 a week.

It was not a city job, for he was hired by the company that had the contract for doing certain work for another company that had secured the right to have the work done.

Jerry's chief duty was to keep tabs on the material delivered at the excavation, and to give it out to the workmen when called for, taking receipts therefor.

The work was more than half done when Jerry went on, but it lasted several weeks, and he saved money out of his wages.

CHAPTER XI.—Jerry Becomes Doorkeeper of a Moving-Picture Show.

When his inspector job gave out, Jerry had \$250 saved up.

He felt quite independent now.

"What are you going to do next?" Bob asked him.

"Look for another job, I reckon. Mr. Edwards said I could refer to him, and I know the city pretty well now."

Next morning he saw the following advertisement among others that attracted him:

"Wanted—A stout boy to attend door at the Bijou Dream, No. — Third avenue. Call at noon."

He cut out a dozen advertisements, pasted them on a slip, and started out.

He called on every one of the places, but didn't land a job.

Twelve o'clock found him one of a crowd of a dozen boys at the door of the Bijou Dream a moving-picture show, waiting for the proprietor to appear.

He was a little man with a black mustache and black eyes, and looking the applicants over he singled Jerry out and called him inside, leaving the others in suspense.

Jerry's Western look struck the owner of the show as an asset in his favor and he soon came to terms with him.

The boy was to take tickets at the door and act as guard from one till five in the afternoon, and seven till around eleven at night, for which he was to receive \$6 per week.

The proprietor sent the other applicants away and then asked Jerry if he had had his lunch.

"No, I ain't had nothin' yet."

"Go and eat, then. There's a lunch-room down the block. Want any money?"

"No," replied Jerry, and he started off.

When he got back he found a young lady in the little box-office prepared to sell tickets to all comers.

The proprietor was talking to a young fellow of nineteen, who worked the picture machine.

In a few minutes the boss, whose name was Mellon, turned to Jerry.

"You'll stand around the door and keep your eye about the entrance. I'll give you a rattan to shoo the kids away when they become unruly or block up the approach to the ticket office. Drop the tickets you receive in that box inside the door and don't let any kid in unaccompanied by a grown person. It's against the law. Understand?"

Jerry said he did and started in on his job.

Idle boys soon began to collect around the entrance, attracted by Jerry's cowboy aspect.

Jerry chased them when they got too numerous, but they came back again.

People began buying tickets and passing inside.

General admission was a nickel, and there were two shows—one at half-past one, the other at half-past three.

The two evening shows began at eight and half-past nine.

The attendance was rather light that afternoon, and Jerry had an easy time of it.

At three o'clock the first show wound up, and the proprietor told those who had slips to remain.

Only six remained and the boss collected the slips from them.

The second crowd was still lighter, and Jerry wondered if the show was paying.

At four the ticket-seller closed the box window and went away.

Jerry, following instructions, closed the door and remained inside till the end of the pictures, at ten minutes to five.

He saw about half the pictures, one of which was a wild western scene, which interested him very much.

When the second audience was dismissed the place was locked up.

Jerry took an elevated train down to the Ninth street station and hurried across town to his lodgings.

Bob had just reached his room and Jerry went in to tell him about his new job.

"So you're doorkeeper at a moving-picture show?" said Bob.

"That's right."

"How much a week?"

"Six dollars."

"What sort of a show is it?"

"Waal, it had a slim house at both shows this afternoon. Come up and see it to-night."

"I will. I'll go with you. When have you got to be there?"

"Quater-past seven."

"Then we'd better go to supper right away."

When Bob reached the Bijou Dream with Jerry he saw that it was one of the cheap enterprises in its line that were to be met with all over Greater New York.

The proprietorships of these shows were continually changing hands, for few of them were prosperous enough to stand a spell of poor attendance.

This show, however, was in a pretty good location, and under proper management could be made to pay.

A rival had started up two blocks below and cut into its custom by giving a little more for the money, consequently the Dream wasn't doing more than half of its former business.

Mellon had started out with a partner, but the latter had just pulled out on the best terms he could get Mellon to pay him for his interest.

It had been his business to stand at the door and take tickets, and Jerry had taken his place, thereby adding \$6 to the show's expenses.

Mellon hoped luck would turn.

Bob remained near the door, talking with Jerry as the house slowly filled up.

After the first show was over Bob took in the opposition one, and when he rejoined Jerry he told him that the other place had turned people away from the second show.

"Your boss has got to get a move on and put on some attraction to help things along or the ghost won't walk on pay-day," said Bob.

"Waal, it ain't my business to tell him how to run his show," said Jerry. "If I don't get my money I'll quit and sue him for it."

"You ought to get at least one dollar a day."

"Ain't that what I'm getting?"

"It doesn't strike me that you are."

"Why not. What's six dollars but a dollar a day?"

"How about Sunday? These shows always run seven days. Sunday is their best day," said Bob.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jerry. "I didn't suppose it was open Sunday."

"You'll find it will be, same as on week-days."

"Then, by ginger, I've got to have another dollar."

"Don't say anything till he pays you off. That probably won't be till Monday. Then you can hit him for the other dollar. In the meanwhile, do your best to suit him."

"But I've promised to call on Miss Edwards Sunday night and go to church with her. She asked me to do it, and I wouldn't disapp'int her for nothin'."

"If you've got to keep the date I'll come here and take your place, if the proprietor is willing. You can ask him."

When Jerry came on duty next day he asked the manager if the show was open Sunday, same as any other day, and was told it was.

"Waal, I've got an engagement for Sunday night that I've got to keep. I'll put a friend of mine on in my place, if you're willin'."

Mellon objected, but Jerry said he had made the date before he caught the job and it wouldn't pay him to break it.

The proprietor finally consented to let him have his way if he was satisfied with the substitute.

"Bring him around Saturday night and I'll look at him," he said.

"He was here last night and took in the show. You saw him talkin' to me at the door."

Mellon didn't remember seeing Bob, and told Jerry to have him on hand Saturday night and he'd talk to him.

On Saturday night Bob came up with Jerry and was introduced to the proprietor.

Mellon agreed to let him take Jerry's place on Sunday night.

The Dream had a good house on Saturday afternoon, and night though there were a few vacant chairs.

The opposition show was jammed to the doors, and it was a part of the overflow that the Dream filled up on.

The same conditions prevailed Sunday.

Bob went on the door at night and Jerry went to church with Miss Edwards.

He told her what he was doing now, and she inquired if he liked it.

"Pretty well," he replied, "but I'd like it better if I was runnin' the show. There's money in it, but the man I'm workin' for isn't makin' it. He doesn't know how to pull a house. There's an opposition show two blocks away that is doin' first-class, and I don't see why he can't do as well. If he had any gumption he would. The other show has a nigger quartette as an extra attraction, while we've only got the pictures. He ought to hire a good-lookin' gal to sing and put her picture out front. I'll bet that would draw the people. That's what I'd do if I was runnin' the show."

After taking Miss Edwards home, Jerry remained about an hour and then took his leave, telling her that he didn't know just when he could call again, as his position was a seven-day job,

and he only got off that night by putting his friend Bob in his place.

She said she was sorry to hear that, as she liked to have him call very much, indeed.

CHAPTER XII.—The Dream in Trouble.

When Jerry appeared at the Dream on the following afternoon, Mellon handed him \$3.44 for four days' work.

Jerry kicked.

"I expected to get a dollar a day," he said.

"Our agreement was six dollars a week," said the proprietor.

"I know it was, but when I made it I supposed I only had to work six days."

"Everybody knows that moving-picture shows run seven days."

"Waal, I didn't figger on it."

"That's all I can afford to pay. If business picks up I'll give you another dollar."

Jerry went on duty, but the houses that afternoon were very poor.

There wasn't \$3 in the house at both shows.

The amateur singer didn't amount to a hill of beans.

The attendance was bad at the evening shows, too; but, then, Monday was a poor night.

The opposition show, however, drew a comparatively full house twice.

The pictures were changed at both places twice a week.

On Tuesday and Wednesday it was clear that Mellon was losing his patrons fast.

He was very grouchy over it.

The operator of the machine had got on friendly terms with Jerry.

"This show is on the bum," he said to the Western boy on Thursday afternoon. "I've told Mellon to loosen up and get some good attraction, but he won't do it. He hates to spend his money. He's a fool, because he's losing right along as things are, and in the end he'll have to sell out at a sacrifice. If I could find a partner with a couple hundred dollars I'd make this show pay."

"I could make it pay myself if I had a chance," said Jerry.

"Could you? Then find \$200 and we'll make Mellon an offer for it as soon as he gets down to his limit."

"I've got the \$200, pard, but do you figger that this place is worth \$400?"

"It's worth every cent of it, but I couldn't pay that for it. I'd offer Mellon \$250 for it as it stands. The place couldn't be fitted up for double that money."

"If I go in with you you'll run the pictures, same as you're doin' now and I'll run the rest of the show. That's the conditions."

"We'll be even partners in the show, you know."

"Yes, but what I say goes."

"But I might object. I know the business better than you."

"Waal, if I go into any business I'm goin' to be

boss of it. You can make all the suggestions you want to, but if I turn 'em down they stay down. To begin with, I don't think \$400 is enough capital. If you can put in \$250 I'll match you and then we'll talk business."

"I've only got \$150, but I know where I can borrow \$50."

"Waal, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll borrow \$50 and put in \$300 against your \$150. That'll give me a two-thirds interest and make me the boss."

"I'll do that if you can show me that you can run the place so we can make money."

"Waal, the first thing I'm goin' to do, if I get the place, is to get good attractions every week."

"What kind of attractions?"

"Vaudeville."

"How are you going to use them? There isn't any stage or a place for one."

"Thar's a seven-foot space 'tween the front row and the wall. I'll put up a five-foot stage in front of the cloth. That's large enough for a couple of gals to do a song and dance on."

"That'll cost money. Then there is no dressing-room."

"I'll build a couple of dressin'-rooms in the yard. It's large enough for that."

"You couldn't get a permit to do that."

"How do you know I couldn't?"

"I know you couldn't."

"I'll rig up a tent, then. The weather is beginnin' to get warm."

"It wouldn't do in winter."

"Winter is a long way off yet. We might make money enough to move into a larger store."

"That would mean a large expense for decoration and other things."

"I dunno. I might buy out the opposition. That's a bigger place than this."

"Don't talk nonsense. That show will make money right along, and the owners wouldn't sell out."

"Maybe so and maybe not. I've got an idea them fellows will be glad to sell out after I get goin'. I've got a card up my sleeve that might come in good if I can work it, and I think I can, for the party wants to do me a favor."

"What party?"

"That's one of my business secrets."

"I'm afraid your ideas are too big for me."

"Waal, if you don't want to go in you don't have to. I'll give you a steady job. What are you gettin' now?"

"Not as much as I'm worth."

"How much?"

The operator, whose name was Dewey, told him. At that point the appearance of Mellon broke up the conversation.

The house was filling with a meager audience when a man came up to Jerry.

"I'm a building inspector," he said. "There's been a complaint made against this joint that it isn't safe for an audience. They can't get out in case of fire."

"Waal, all the people that's been comin' here lately can get out easy enough if thar was a fire in the cellar."

"Where's the proprietor?"

"Inside."

"I'll go in and see him."

Jerry didn't stop him, and he entered the place. About a dozen people were present and it was time for the pictures.

The inspector made his business known to Mellon, looked the room over, and declared that certain alterations would have to be made at once or the house would be closed.

Mellon had a fit.

He couldn't afford to make the changes on a losing game.

All he could do was to temporize and promise to carry out the orders.

"I'll be in here to-morrow to see that they're under way," said the inspector.

"I won't be able to get started before Monday," protested the proprietor.

"Yes, you will, or I'll see that you're closed up to-morrow night."

The inspector was obdurate until Mellon put a \$5 bill in his hand, then he reconsidered the matter and said the alterations could go over till Monday.

Mellon knew that the game was up for him.

He decided to advertise the show for sale right away.

If he couldn't get a quick buyer before Monday morning he'd close and offer the place for any old price.

Failing in that, he would sell the chairs and quit.

In the meantime he'd hold up the wages he owed the operator, the girl ticket-seller and Jerry.

After he had vanished they could try to find him.

All that he had done before several times and was used to it.

The landlord called for the next month's rent on Saturday morning.

"Nothing doing," said Mellon. "Come in Tuesday."

Something went wrong with the opposition house on Sunday afternoon and the management had to keep the house dark that evening.

As a consequence the Dream was packed at both shows and Mellon chuckled.

He hadn't caught a buyer, so he decided that he'd sell the chairs, Monday, and let the rest go by the board.

Nobody but himself knew his intentions, therefore Jerry and the girl and Dewey were ignorant of what was coming.

CHAPTER XIII.—Jerry Buys the Dream and Finds Himself Up Against It.

On Monday morning, about eleven, Mellon brought a dealer in theater chairs to the Dream to make a bid on the 200 he wanted to dispose of.

It happened that Jerry had arranged to meet Dewey, the operator, at the Dream at that hour.

Jerry reached the show first, and just in time to see the proprietor enter with the dealer.

As Dewey wasn't in sight, Jerry walked into the house unnoticed by Mellon.

The boy heard Mellon's preliminary remarks to the effect that he had given up the show and was willing to accept a fair price for the seats.

Jerry was astonished, but said nothing.

The dealer offered a low figure.

Mellon proceeded to dicker.

"The seats cost me three times that price," he said.

"Can't help that," said the dealer. "They're second-hand now, and I'll have to sell them cheap."

The argument continued for a few minutes and finally the dealer raised his bid \$20.

"Is that the best you'll give?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, it's my limit. Take it or leave it."

Jerry saw that Mellon was going to close with him, so he stepped forward.

"Are you sellin' out, Mr. Mellon?" he said.

The proprietor turned around, a bit startled.

"What are you doing here?" he growled.

"Waal, never mind that. If you're goin' to sell out I'd like to make a bid on the outfit."

"Do you mean that? Have you got any money?"

"Yes. You're goin' to sell them seats for \$120. Waal, I'll give you \$150 for the place as it stands."

"I'll take you if you've got the cash."

"Give me the chance to go and get it and I'll hand it over."

"How long will it take you?"

"About an hour and a half. I've got to go to Bedford street."

"I can't wait that long," said Mellon.

"I don't know any easier way for you to make \$30," said Jerry.

"Can't you get back sooner?"

"S'pose you come with me if you're in such a rush?"

"I'll do that," said the proprietor.

That settled the dealer, and he went away.

When Mellon and Jerry walked outside, there was Dewey waiting.

"I'll meet you here at two o'clock, Dewey," said Jerry. "I've got some business to attend to now."

"Two o'clock!" exclaimed Dewey. "You mean one, don't you?"

"No, I mean two. There won't be any show this afternoon."

"How about my money, Mr. Mellon," asked Dewey, suspecting that the proprietor was about to sell out.

"I'll be back here at two to pay off," said Mellon, briskly, which was just what he didn't intend to do.

Dewey looked doubtfully at Mellon, as if he was afraid the proprietor wouldn't keep his word after he had disposed of the show, and the little man with the silky mustache took advantage of the young man's indecision to hurry away with Jerry.

Jerry took Mellon to the house where he lived and left him in the hall while he went downstairs and asked Mrs. Brown if he could use her sitting-room in the basement to transact a little business with a man.

"To be sure you can, Mr. Anderson," she replied. "You're welcome to hit hat hany time."

"Thank you, marm. I shall want you to be present as a witness to a written agreement I'm goin' to make with the party."

"Hall right, Mr. Handerson. Hi'm hat your service."

"Have you got a sheet of paper and pen and ink?"

"Hi 'ave, Mr. Handerson."

Jerry ran upstairs and got \$150 out of his trunk.

Then he showed Mellon into the sitting-room.

He drew up a bill of sale of the Bijou Dream, including all the property and good-will of the same, which Mellon was prepared to turn over to him in consideration of the sum of \$150.

Mellon signed it.

Then Mrs. Brown signed it as a witness.

Jerry counted out the money, the last \$10 in one-dollar bills.

"Here's your money, Mr. Mellon," he said.

As the foxy gent started to take it, Jerry pulled back.

"This is what you owe me for services to date," he said, putting it in his pocket.

Mellon put up a howl at once.

"What are you kickin' about? You owe me \$6, don't you?" said the boy.

Mellon couldn't deny it, but as he had not intended to pay it he was mad.

Mellon took his departure, and then Jerry went to lunch, after which he started for the Dream to take possession of the show.

He found Dewey and the box-office girl outside, waiting for Mellon.

It was apparent to both that the show had gone up.

"I didn't do anythin' with him except buy the show from him."

"What did you give for it?"

"About what it was worth."

"Then you're goin' to run it?"

"I didn't buy it to let it stand still."

"I suppose you want my services with the machine?"

"If you'll work for the same pay."

"I'll do that. When did Mellon say he'd be here to settle with us?"

"He didn't say. He paid me what he owed me, so I guess he'll be here to square up with you."

Jerry then asked the girl what Mellon had paid her as box clerk, and he hired her at the same wages.

"You open up to-night, I suppose?" said Dewey.

"No, not before Thursday afternoon. I've got to get an attraction to draw an audience."

He went inside and painted a sign, reading as follows:

"The Bijou Dream will reopen under new management, and with special attractions, on Thursday afternoon, at once.

"J. Anderson, Proprietor."

He posted it on one of the portable billboards and set it out in front of the box office.

At that moment up came the landlord.

He looked at the sign.

"Where can I find Mr. Anderson?"

"Right here. I'm Anderson."

"Why, you're only a boy."

"What's that got to do with my name?"

"Nothing. Are you going to run this show?"

"That's my intention."

"I'm the landlord. You'll have to pay me my rent before you can open up."

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"Waal come around to-morrow at two o'clock."

"If you can't pay then I'll have to put up a sign, 'To let.'"

"All right, pard," said Jerry.

It was now three, and Mellon hadn't appeared.

At this juncture the inspector appeared.

"Is this show closed?" he asked.

"Yes, till Thursday," said Jerry.

"Making the alterations, then?"

"I didn't know you ordered any."

"The proprietor knows it."

"You mean Mellon? He's sold out to me."

"Oh, he has, eh? Then you'll have to make them."

"What will I have to make?"

"Come in and I'll show you."

They went inside and the inspector explained.

Jerry nearly had a fit.

"I can't afford to do that. It ain't necessary, anyhow."

"Well, then, this place can't reopen as a moving-picture show until the alterations are made," said the inspector.

He took a document from his pocket, filled it out and handed it to the boy.

He walked away, leaving Jerry up against it hard.

CHAPTER XIV.—Jerry's Political Pull.

For a few minutes the boy from the West was all up in the air.

He didn't know what to do.

Jerry knew that it wouldn't do to defy such a document, though he considered the alterations unnecessary, with some minor exceptions.

He had only \$100 with which to start the show again, and he had intended to borrow the money for the rent from Miss Edwards.

To make the alterations would probably cost as much as the rent, and it would not pay.

What was he to do?

He decided to hurry around and tell Miss Edwards what a quandary he was in.

Dewey and the girl had gone away so he locked up and started.

May Edwards was home and she was surprised to see him, but at the same time quite pleased.

She was more surprised when he told her that he had bought out the Bijou Dream with the intention of running it on improved lines.

Then he told her about the visit of the inspector, and showed her the paper.

"That's nothin' but red tape," he said, "for most of them changes ain't necessary. At any rate, I can't afford to make 'em. Neither can I start the show unless you're willin' to lend me \$200."

"You shall have the money, of course, Jerry," she said, "and you can take your time paying it back. As for that paper, I'll show it to my father, and see if he can't fix it with the department for

you. I think he will be able to do so. You had better call here to-night before eight and explain the matter to him so he will understand. He will tell you what he thinks about it, and what he can do."

"All right, Miss Edwards, I'll call. There's money in that show if I can get it started right. But I can't do anythin' if I'm goin' to be handicapped by inspectors lookin' for graft," said Jerry.

"If it isn't absolutely something required by the law my father will see you through," said the girl. "And if you'll allow me, I'll be your financial backer to whatever extent you need. I have great confidence in your business ability, and it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to start you on the road to fortune."

"Thank you, Miss Edwards. What I wouldn't do for you isn't worth mentionin'," replied Jerry, gratefully.

He had a long talk with her about his plans and prospects, and she became as enthusiastic as himself by the time he had finished his talk.

Finally he took his leave and returned to his lodgings.

When Bob came in he said:

"Waal, old pard, I've bought the Dream and I'm goin' to run it up-to-date."

As Bob knew he had been thinking of acquiring the show if he could get hold of it cheap, he was not so much surprised by Jerry's announcement.

"Have you, really?" he said, with a look of interest.

"I have."

Then he told Bob all the particulars, and what he was up against.

"I guess things will come out all right, for Miss Edwards is going to get her father to help fix the matter for me, and Miss Edwards herself is goin' to back me with all the extra cash I need to make the show a hummer."

The boys went to supper together, as usual and then Jerry said he had to call back to the Edwards' home to see the Bridge Commissioner himself.

Mr. Edwards had heard Jerry's story from his daughter and had looked at the paper served by the Inspector.

The result was, next day a second inspector appeared at the show and looked the place over.

He told Jerry that the trouble with the place was that the exit facilities were insufficient.

"I admit you are right, but it will cost money to fix it and I have none to spare," said the boy.

"Well, you got a lease from the landlord to-day, otherwise he'll raise the rent on you to make good for the expense he'll have to make."

"Can I go ahead arranging for my opening on Thursday?"

"Sure. You've got Commissioner Edwards behind you, so you're all right. The landlord, not you, will have to foot the bills."

The inspector took his leave and Jerry got busy with his preparations.

When Dewey appeared, declaring that Mellon was a ruck skin, Jerry told him that the show would surely open on Thursday afternoon, and asked him to secure the films for the last half of the week.

"You'll have to give me the money to pay for them. The company doesn't trust these small shows," said Dewey.

So Jerry got a hustle on. With Commissioner Edwards to back him, he secured a couple of vaudeville performances, hired a pianist, and had big signs painted to calling attention to the attractions to be given Thursday.

On Thursday afternoon the Dream had a crowded house at both shows. The news of the good show spread and the place was jammed to the doors that night. Jerry's first day's receipts amounted to about \$53. Friday's was almost as good. On Saturday and Sunday he had to turn people away at each show after jamming in more persons than the law allowed.

He took chances on his political pull, which he was now wide awake to the value of, and cleared \$110 on both days.

Bob Brigham was on hand every evening to help Jerry out, and he refused to take a cent for his services till Jerry announced that he was out of debt and on Easy street.

Jerry took in \$210 the first four nights and \$365 the full week following.

The next two weeks his receipts amounted to about \$700, making \$1,275 for his first month, a short one.

He wrote an account of his success to his friends on the Colorado ranch, and told them that he guessed he had made good in New York.

Summer came on and the Bijou Dream continued to do a paying business.

It was a larger place, and held 300 seats.

Jerry wished he had it.

Several weeks later the inspector jumped on the opposition show proprietor for violating the law and told him he would have to make extensive alterations in order to obey it, and keep his place open. Stating he could not afford it the inspector told Jerry who made the proprietor an offer for the place.

The man haggled, but Jerry wouldn't give a dollar more.

The proprietor finally accepted his terms and the deal was made.

Then Jerry communicated with Mr. Edwards, and next day the department notified him he could open up if he made one more good exit.

Jerry made it and opened the show on the same lines as the other and crowded houses was the immediate result, Jerry's receipts on the average for a week being \$500, some weeks running as high as \$530.

Thus both shows turned him an average of \$850 a week.

He became the king of the Third avenue shows, and a rival had no chance to butt in on his territory.

To-day Jerry is Commissioner Edwards' son-in-law, and his grip on the moving-picture business on Third avenue is fully known to those on the inside.

Bob is his general manager for all the shows, and so Jerry's success has proved that he made good in New York, even when he was still fresh from the West.

Next week's issue will contain "BOSS OF WALL STREET; or, TAKING CHANCES ON THE CURB."

CURRENT NEWS

RIVAL PASTOR PAINTS STEEPLE

The pastor of the Baptist Church painting the steeple of the Methodist Church was a unique scene in Brownsville recently. Residents of that city say that the Methodist Church steeple needed a coat of paint, and the officers of the church were having difficulty in finding any one to do the work, so the Rev. M. S. Woodworth, pastor of the Brownsville Baptist Church, who has had some experience as a painter, volunteered to paint it. It is reported that he did a good job.

3 MEALS DAILY FOR \$18 A YEAR

At Tengschow, in the Province of Shantung, China, in the mission school, a girl may have three meals a day for \$18 a year. Steamed corn bread and raw turnips that have been kept in brine and then chopped quite fine compose the noonday breakfast almost all the year. For dinner there is usually millet cooked dry like rice, and some hot vegetable. Twice a week the vegetable is cooked with fat pork instead of in lean oil as usual. Supper is the same as breakfast. To the Chinese student the menu is said to be highly satisfactory.

ITALY'S FLOATING SAMPLE FAIR

The success of the sample fair held both at Milan and at Padua seems to have been sufficient to stimulate further interest in this plan of developing sales. It is claimed that at the Milan fair actual orders amounting to 500,000,000 lire were taken. Figures for the Padua fair are not yet available. The latest project of this kind is that of a floating fair on board the steamship "Trinacria," which will cover the principal cities of the Western Mediterranean in the interests of Italian manufacturers. The length of the stay in each port will vary in accordance with its importance, from four to seven days. The cost to exhibitors will be 5,000 lire, in which all expenses are included.

STREET AFIRE FOR THREE BLOCKS

Corlear avenue, which extends northward from 20th street to the southwest corner of Van Cortlandt Park, New York, is afire for three blocks under the surface. The contractor who built the street last year is said to have used unsifted ashes to fill a hollow over which the street was run, and recent rains and heat have caused spontaneous combustion in the unburned coal among the cinders.

Coal gas has been forming for weeks and contaminating the atmosphere, and several days ago the sub-surface dump caught fire. Smoke is now curling out of the centre of the street and the pavement is too hot to walk upon. The only remedy so far offered is to let the fire burn itself out.

FISH HELP POTATOES

Suckers are the *raison d'être* as it were, of the wonderful potato crop grown around Dryden in Ontario. Sounds weird? It's ghastly.

Back of that simple statement lies a piscatorial tragedy.

"Suckers by the million infest Lake Wabigoon," said John Brandon of Dryden, a farming centre along the Canadian National Railways. "These fish, weighing two and three pounds, and not good to eat, go up the creeks to spawn. Every little stream emptying into the lake swarms with them in May. We don't waste time catching them with a hook and line or even with a seine. We use a pitchfork or shovel. It's no trick at all to wade out into the shallows and shovel out a couple of wagonloads of suckers in an hour.

"Farmers at potato planting time bury a sucker in each hill of potatoes. The fish are rich in phosphate, which is the basic element of all good fertilizers. Our potato crops are phenomenal. One man in the district raised 1,014 bushels to the acre last year. A number of others did almost as well. In most parts of the world 500 bushels to the acre are considered a bumper crop. These worthless suckers are making the farmers in the Lake Wabigoon district rich."

BIMINI, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

It may not be generally known that Bimini, that small West Indian isle so conveniently situated in the Atlantic off the Florida coast, was at one time thought to contain the fountain of youth. It was conquered and explored by the early Spaniards for no other reason than this—they fancied they had learned from the half understood speech of savages in Hispaniola that the wonderful fountain to drink from which made a young man out of an old one flowed there.

The legend of a fountain of youth had persisted from the first utterance of that lie by that famous liar Sir John Mandeville, who so successfully hid his identity that nobody knows whether the author of his "Book" was a man or a syndicate. It has been proved that there was no Sir John Mandeville. Whoever the writer was, he stole the story from Marco Polo, who said he got it from another mythical personage, Prester John. It ran from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, and it may be running yet.

Juan Ponce de Leon, who seems to have disliked the thought of old age, always felt hopeful of finding this fountain on the Asiatic coast, which he thought, like the discoverers before him, was what we now call Florida. He had heard, or thought he had, the Indians talk of a marvellous fount which they located in Bimini, and he sought and obtained permission to go and annex this island to Spain. This was in March, 1513. He explored Bimini carefully, but did not discover the fountain, and then transferred his search to the larger island that he supposed Florida to be.

Four hundred years have gone by, and the search for youth—temporary, if not permanent—is again being made in the pretty little island, where it is easily found, travellers from a bone-dry country aver, in bottles.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XV.

On Top of the World at Last.

"The winter is at hand. We can do not more. My ship, the *Dolphin*, foundered in latitude 58 degrees, longitude 94 degrees, and after ten days we were picked up by the Dutch whaler *Hendrik*, Dirk Gerritz, skipper. I alone had survived. Storms had drove the *Hendrik* southward off Cape Horn until we reached a latitude of 66 degrees south.

"Seeing high land, we ran into a wide bay, and made camp on shore. Land and mountains to the eastward, ocean to the west. While a number of us were ashore hunting seal and building winter quarters, the crew mutinied and ran off with the ship and captain.

"Being left with much provision, we passed the winter. In October, 185—, six of us left to explore this strange mountain range that appeared to be volcanic.

"Two went back. Half-way up on the south side we cached our provisions, left our hand sled, and came up the mountain. One night an earthquake made this wide, bottomless crevasse, that we have tried to cross for three days to get back to our cache.

"This cache is two miles south from here, under the last rock cliff at the foot of the glacier.

"We called it the Owl's Head from its resemblance to one.

"What became of the *Hendrik* or our two companions we know not. We are dead or dying. We know that. If any one ever finds this, I hope they will remember the Owl's Head cliff, two miles south by southeast, half south, as the compass points in this accursed, lost land.

"I am growing too numb with cold—

"James Wh—

"Here the writing trails off into weak scratches," said Madge, looking up with shining eyes. "Oh, Joe! I'm so, so sorry for them."

But Hawley, while sensible himself of their sad fate, determined to avail himself at once of the warning and relief suggested, lest a similar end come to him and Madge.

While the girl was reading and sympathizing he finished his search.

He also assured himself that the impassable crevasse, alluded to by the dead officer, was in the course of time filled up, or obliterated by the subsequent operations of nature.

"One thing we must do at once," he concluded. "That is if we wish to avoid their fate."

"What is it, Joe? It all seems so sad, that I feel as if we were also doomed."

"Not if we can find the Owl's Head cliff and that cache. He has given us good compass directions."

"The stores will all be spoiled. Or perhaps the wild beasts—"

"No, Madge. Stores don't spoil in this climate. And there are no wild beasts. At least away from the coast there seems to be no life much but our own."

So rapidly did Hawley proceed, once his mind was made up, that after making Madge go on ahead for some distance alone he quietly pushed the bodies into the underground stream, after breathing a silent prayer for what time had left.

All the relics, including the diary, the coins, the papers, were stored in his pack, and while the great volcano thundered and smoked in their rear, those two boldly set out to find the Owl's Head cliff, and the old time cache, upon which, perhaps, their lives really depended, to say nothing of their future polar success.

With the addition to their loads of the few things they had picked up at the place where the dead were found, both Madge and Joe found themselves pretty well loaded.

"Who do you suppose James White was?" asked she at length, after they had reached the foot of the glacier down which they had come ever since leaving the summit of Erebus.

"I don't know, beyond what he wrote himself. Why do you ask?"

"If we ever reach my father again, he may know. An uncle of his who rose to be commodore in the civil war was named White. I think he procured my father admission to Annapolis."

"We will make all inquiries possible. One thing is certain, Madge. If we find this cache it may be that poor White has saved our lives after sacrificing his own."

Before resuming their sliding bags, Hawley had carefully taken the direction by his compass.

There was an old compass and sextant found on White, but neither were in serviceable order. He took them along, however.

Looking back from time to time it looked as if the eruption was spending its force. The glow above was decreasing.

From the foot of the glacier, Hawley found, from his pedometer, that one mile was already traversed.

A snow plateau led southward, lined at intervals by cliff-like bluffs, which finally ended in a tall bluff, beyond which only a snow plain was visible.

"I see nothing that looks like an owl's head; do you, Madge?"

"No. It looks as if we were to be deceived. Have we come two miles, or are we more than that?"

Before he could answer Joe suddenly disappeared. Madge screamed and rushed forward, but was halted by a voice coming out of the earth:

"Keep back, Madge. Stand perfectly still. I'm all right so far, for I fell only a few feet. Back of me this crack deepens. South, it seems to grow shallower. I'm going south."

"Must I stay here, Joe? Can't I help you?"

"You can help best by being perfectly still. This snow may cover other holes—see?"

(To Be Continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

A WHISTLING TREE

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the wind blows over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small which an insect bores in the spines of the branches. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboral freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk, and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores at the base of the leaves.

ALL PARTS OF PEANUT VINES USED

A peanut mill which will utilize every part of the vine is to be installed by the National Milling Company of Macon, Ga. between now and Nov. 1. The mechanical equipment, which will be modern in every way and cost in excess of \$300,000, has already been ordered. The mill will have a capacity of sixty tons of peanuts a day. The machinery includes a separator which will take the peanuts from the vines, grinding and shelling the nuts, baling the stalks and leaves as hay, and cracking the smaller nuts for oil and peanut meal, and the hulls for meal to be used in feeds. The new process will eliminate the labor of picking the peanuts, heretofore a hindrance in the commercial handling of the product.

GAS MASKS FOR FOREST FIRES

Necessity taught the English and Americans the use of gas masks. Now these same necessities of war have been put to use in fighting attacks of the destroyer in nature.

A severe forest fire in Glentanar Forest, Aberdeenshire, England, fed by a high wind, raged for days. On the fourth day a veering wind gravely endangered the mansion house of Lord Glentanar and the village of Aboyne. Lord Glentanar, who had kept an all-night vigil following his hurried journey north from London, was called upon to decide quickly whether, in the hope of checking the spread of the fire to the woods of Craigendinnie, densely planted with old Scots pines, he would sacrifice another strip of valuable wood at the edge of Knoskie Hill by burning it in advance of the column of flame.

He immediately gave orders to withdraw those battling against the advancing fire and to burn the wood uphill. Thus the advance of danger toward the township of Aboyne was stayed, but further off in the depths of the main forest a fierce blaze still roared and crackled.

Subdued at one point, the fire broke out in another, and mobile parties were sent speeding hither and thither to centers which sentries posted on a tall watch tower signalled as being alight. Thus the day was one of alternating hopes and

fears. Once came a shout of victory, as over a stretch of three miles a wall of fire was beaten down. But later this temporary success was nullified by a more vicious outbreak further south.

GREATEST OF VOLCANOES

In the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, during an August night in the year 1905, there arose from the midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation a volcano that in four years of its still ceaseless activity has sent forth more molten lava than has any volcano of which there is record.

To-day this flow of lava, in some places 700 feet in depth, is filling up the sea along a frontage of more than seven miles, has destroyed about fifty villages and as many square miles of what was once the most productive area in all Samoa. From Apia, about fifty miles away on the island of Upolo, it is sometimes possible to read at night by the glare of the Savaiian volcano, whose twin pillars of vapor by day become columns of red.

Above the ever-seething lake of fire within the crater hangs a great crimson cloud, while eight miles distant from the volcanic cone appears a lesser cloud, sometimes divided into many columns of apparent fire. It is but the steam arising from the sea, colored by the red glowing lava that pours a Niagara of fire over the cliffs that the ceaseless torrent of molten rock builds higher and higher every day. The ocean steamers touching at Apia pass within close hailing distance of this dramatic spectacle.

Scientists who have seen the most recent flow say that every minute 300,000 tons of lava flow over the lower rim of the crater; and this not resembling in any way the other lava, but like molten iron spreads over the old field and beyond, until at the sea there is a Niagara of fire full ten miles in width. As this molten lava falls into the ocean, says Harper's Weekly, it turns to fine black sand and sinks, and so a new coast line is being built up in water 300 to 400 feet deep.

This moving molten lake advances at the rate of four miles an hour. As it pours itself into the sea columns of water are raised in steam to incalculable heights, and this, descending in a fine rain of brine, destroys vegetation and corrodes the galvanized iron roofings of churches and trading stations for miles around.

As the torrents of boiling lava break against the basalt cliffs or hummocks left by the old flow cliffs are melted by the heat, hummocks disintegrated and carried forward by the flow to be hurled into the sea, where they explode like titanic bombs, and this is taking place every moment along an ever-widening sea front of ten miles at least. For more than a mile out in the ocean the water boils, and from the creater still flows a steady stream of lava greater, it is said, than many has ever seen in the past issue from any volcano of which there is record.

SELF-CONFESSED

By PAUL BRADDON

A foggy night in November. The time—fifteen minutes to six.

Within the great galvanizing works of Gurton Brothers the yellow gas jets were casting a feeble light through the dense smoke-laden atmosphere on to the workers and their near surroundings. Outside the immediate vicinity of these lights the place was grim and strange indeed. The rafters, gray with the smoke of twenty years, loomed out of the darkness overhead like twining ghostly arms, and in the black obscurity ahead piles of sheets assumed a thousand fanciful shapes, conveying the impression, in that uncertain light, of an army of great black ghosts that stretched up, up, up into the gloom until they were lost to sight as they blended with it.

By six o'clock the various noises that made up the one unceasing din had subsided altogether for the night. The workers finished their tasks, and then instead of departing homeward they gathered together into a compact crowd to discuss a subject uppermost in the minds of all.

Reginald Carrington, the manager of the works, had mysteriously disappeared. He had been missing since the preceding night, and left no trace behind—had vanished as completely, in fact, as though swallowed up in an earthquake.

Here was a man, in the very prime of manhood, blessed with all that makes life most enjoyable, supposed to have left his native land, affectionate mother, and, above all—at least in the opinion of the majority—his money, deposited in the largest local bank; where it still remained unclaimed by him or any one else, and his remunerative situation. It was absurd, totally ridiculous, to imagine that any man in his sane senses would leave his money, above all, behind him, they argued and the conclusion they arrived at was ominous—there had been murder done, and the manager had been the victim! And there, with bated breath, each man gazed into his fellow's eyes and seemed to read therein an answering reflection of his own unuttered thoughts.

* * * * *

Two months later than the opening date of this story the assize court at B— was thronged with a motley crowd, each individual of which had gathered there to hear the sensational trial of a townsman for the murder of Reginald Carrington, formerly manager at Gurton Brothers' galvanizing works.

After a few minor cases had been tried, the prosecuting counsel in the murder case was observed to whisper in the ear of his clerk, and simultaneously the prisoner against whom so vile a crime was brought appeared in the dock. His appearance elicited an almost universal expression of detestation, in the shape of a low, hissing groan. Few were there among the audience who showed one atom of pity for the miserable being as he stood before them, pale and hollow-eyed, the living, breathing picture of a guilt-haunted, remorse-stricken man.

He had been arrested on circumstantial evidence, it is true, but it was like the links in a chain, and every link was sound. The case went

on. Witness followed witness and gave evidence of the clearest kind; and as the trial proceeded, and the guilt of the accused became more apparent, an expression of abhorrence grew and strengthened on the faces of the audience, until they seemed on the point of bursting forth in an audible outburst of virtuous indignation.

After the last witness had left the box, the prosecuting counsel arose to address the court.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," he began, in clear, distinct tones, "the evidence that has been submitted to your notice is of such a clear and unmistakable nature, that comment upon it would seem utterly superfluous. Nevertheless, I will give it to you, as briefly as possible, in a more concise form; for, in an affair of such awful magnitude as this, it cannot be wise to merely dwell lightly upon it.

"It makes one shudder to know that such a wretch existed in our midst, and yet he was on terms of the greatest apparent friendship with the murdered man, Mr. Reginald Carrington, until the entrance of Miss Nellie Dangerfield into the galvanizing works of Messrs. Gurton Brothers. It was this young lady's personal attractions that sowed the seeds of dissension between them, and from friends they changed to rivals.

"Each strove to possess her affections, but of the two she favored Reginald Carrington alone, thus arousing all the malevolence of the prisoner's nature. He became sullen, nursed his anger until it overpowered his reason, and eventually resorted to drink as the only fitting method of drowning unrequited love—if you can style his brutish passion by that sacred name. Inflamed in mind and body, he uttered speeches against his rival and Miss Dangerfield that I refrain from mentioning, for obvious reasons. This resulted in a quarrel between the prisoner and the murdered man, in which, as two witnesses have testified, the prisoner was heard to threaten his rival's life should he attempt to marry Miss Dangerfield; and that he did contemplate such a ceremony Miss Dangerfield has admitted, the day fixed upon being Christmas Day.

"When he knew this, the prisoner acted like a maniac. He openly avowed his determination to prevent the marriage at any cost, as several witnesses have proved. This was on October 12th. A month later Reginald Carrington mysteriously disappeared. He was seen last in the prisoner's company by the two night watchmen of the works, and from that moment all trace of him seemed lost. Suspicion pointed to the prisoner as the author of Carrington's absence. It was surmised that he had fulfilled his threat and murdered his rival; but how and where no one could tell. At last palpable evidence of the prisoner's guilt was discovered. This evidence was supplied after Mr. Carrington had been missing a week.

"On November 20th a large 'pot' was being 'dressed' at Messrs. Gurton's and as the gigantic 'spoon' brought the refuse metal from the bottom of the 'pot,' there was seen topping it the works of a watch, a steel chain (immediately recognized as Mr. Carrington's), and a two-bladed pocket-knife, with a half of steel, on which was engraved the prisoner's name, Henry Johnson. These articles, with the silvery dross clinging, which you have seen, were taken to where the

prisoner was at work, and so great was his emotion at sight of them, that he turned white as snow and swooned.

"I have nearly done. Before you, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, stands the guilty wretch, who has committed a crime only paralleled in the history of bygone ages. Think of the murdered man's agony, plunged into a molten mass of metal. What death could furnish a punishment more terrible than this? It must have been terrible. It is horrifying enough to think of; but to undergo such pain—to walk through the Dark Valley in such a way—to endure the concentrated anguish of a life-time in one brief moment—all the glories of the land above can hardly make it fade from the purified soul."

The prosecuting counsel sat down amid subdued applause.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "what defense have you to offer?"

"None, your lordship," was the mournful response. "It is useless for me to continue the plea of 'not guilty' in the face of the accumulated evidence all have heard. I confess to the crime!"

The prisoner cast a piteous, agonized glance toward her, and, with half sob, resumed:

"As has been testified by the night watchman of the place where I last worked, I was the last person seen with the manager on the day he was last seen alive. Half intoxicated, I had paid a visit to his office, and, on finding him engaged in gazing with loving eyes at a photograph of her I loved so dearly, I heard all the insults upon him my swelling brain could conceive. He retorted, and a stormy scene ensued, the result being I found myself discharged.

"About twenty minutes to nine he emerged from his office and advanced to where I stood, near the huge 'dipping-pot,' concealed in the shadow of a pile of sheets. When opposite to me I clenched my fist and struck him half-senseless to the ground. I then carried his limp form and laid it on the side of the 'dip-pot,' and then, with the calmness of a red Indian, I tested the heat of the metal with a 'skimmer,' and found the 'pot' was all but boiling. Then, turning to my rival, whose eyes had opened in the meantime, I hissed:

"Look well at my face, old friend! It's the last you'll see in this world! Nellie——"

"I had scarcely uttered the name ere he seized a handful of dirt that rested near, and flung it in my eyes.

"Blinded for a moment, and doubly enraged, I sprang madly forward and pushed him into the 'pot.' The next instant the metal exploded and dropped around me like hail.

"I stayed no longer. I knew my dreadful work was finished; and, as best I could I made my way home, clutching in the thought that I had slain my rival and preserved my situation, but never thinking of the remorse that was to make my existence unbearable when my senses should become cool and collected.

"You can see me now a wreck of what I used to be—unfit to live, unfit to die! I am in your hands; do with me as you will."

He ceased abruptly, just as a disturbance occurred in the crowded ranks of the audience; and from their midst a man was ushered by a constable into the witness-box.

Like the prisoner, he was of massive proportions, but his features were hidden under a tangled mass of beard, etc.

"What is the meaning of this?" the judge demanded of the constable, as the man was placed in the box.

"It means, my lord, that I desire to give evidence in favor of the prisoner," was the startling reply of the witness.

"What evidence can you adduce in favor of the prisoner now when he himself has confessed his guilt?" demanded the astonished judge.

"The strongest proof of his innocence," the man replied, gravely, but with scarce-perceptible tremor in his voice. "Reginald Carrington was never murdered. He lives—unknown to all save me. I alone know where to find him. To me has been vouchsafed a greater knowledge of this affair than even the prisoner can command. The particulars you have heard are true in all but one point, and that is the manner in which the prisoner dealt with his rival after the dirt had been flung in his (the prisoner's) face. Instead of pushing him into the 'pot,' he knocked him over the side in an awkward position. Simultaneously, a damp cake of metal was displaced on the 'pot's' side, and fell in, creating an explosion, during which Carrington made his escape unheard. In a somewhat dazed condition he made all haste in a homeward direction, only to be knocked down by a horse driven by a hawker.

He was picked up and taken by the hawker to his home in a neighboring town. A doctor was summoned, and he declared that Carrington's skull was fractured. Brain fever ensued, and the kind-hearted hawker and his wife tended the sick man with as much care as though he had been their son. Nothing was found on his body to lead to his identity—nor did his feverish ravings afford any clew—so that he remained for a time unknown even in name. At last the patient was convalescent; and then, when the recollection of the cruelty of his one-time friend dawned upon him, and he learned that this friend was to be tried for murdering him, he determined to be present at the trial to prevent a judicial murder taking place, and so he came disguised as you see him now.

"Behold me! I am the missing man, Reginald Carrington!"

As he spoke the preceding sentence, the witness plucked from his face its hairy disguise, and, amid a scene of thrilling excitement, disclosed to view the well-known features of the manager of Gurton Brothers' galvanizing works.

* * * * *

On the deck of the good ship Ormuz stood a stalwart man, and by his side an aged woman, gazing at the fast-receding shores of their native land. They were Henry Johnson and his mother, who were bound to Australia's distant clime.

"Thank heaven, dear mother, that all has turned out so well," Johnson whispered. "May the good and great Ruler grant dear Reginald and his sweet bride Nellie long life and happiness!"

"Amen, my dear boy," the mother replied; "for they are angels on earth—generous, merciful, kind."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Rev. W. S. Smith of Elyria, O., claims to have discovered the nerviest man. The man was the bridegroom and the knot was duly tied. "How much do I owe you?" came the query and the answer informed the happy benedict that the fee was always left to the discretion of the bridegroom. Hearing that, the newly-wed young gentleman forgot to pay anything, but remarked that he wanted a fancy marriage certificate. Smith said he would furnish a letter to the court and such a certificate would be issued, and the happy couple hied away. The following month came a bill to Smith for one engrossed and colored marriage certificate.

Owing to the high cost of building materials, about one-third of the materials from a housewrecking operation may be used again for building purposes. Formerly the house wrecker's chief concern was to take down the construction in the least possible time and at the least expense to himself; but today he also figures on ways and means of removing said construction with such care as to secure much valuable building material. It is well within the memory of most of us when salvaged bricks sold for \$1.00 a load with 2,000 bricks to a load. Today salvaged bricks bring \$10.00 and in some instances as high as \$15.00 a thousand.

The first attempt to send part of a Zoo to Minneapolis by mail was successful when Sheriff Earle Brown became host to a little brown bear. The bear came in with the morning mail, the gift of friends in Wisconsin, and almost disrupted the affairs of the Sheriff's office, while deputies bought out the Court House stock of peanuts, popcorn and candy and fed the surprise package.

Even sheriffs and deputies in their own stronghold have a wholesome respect for live wild bears, and although 40 pounds of cub sat up and begged politely to be taken out to see the sights, the Sheriff said he preferred to look at him through the wire mesh that covered one side of the box.

"Guess I'll take him out to the farm, and when he gets used to me I'll let him out," said the Sheriff, judiciously.

Sea bathing in Paris, which, as everyone knows, is an inland city, is soon to be realized. Water from the sea is to be conveyed to the French capital by a long pipe line which has been planned by M. Alvarez of the Department of Roads and Bridges, as corollary to the scheme for bringing "mazout" or heavy oils from Havre to Paris by means of pipe lines three feet in diameter. Two such pipe lines are to be built, and a third line is planned for conveying sea water to a huge reservoir near Paris, where tired workers might rebuild their vigor and health over Sunday. The great cost of the pumping installation has stood in the way of the project, but it has now been suggested that the pumps be reversed during winter months for the purpose of pumping water from the Seine to the sea, in this manner reducing the danger of floods.

LAUGHS

"There's a man outside who wants to see you."
"What sort of a man?" "He's a blind man."
"Tell him he can't see me."

"Your wife has received some sudden shock."
"What has happened?" "I don't know, doctor. I came home early last night—" "Ah, that presumably accounts for it."

Little Girl (to apothecary).—Please, sir, I've brought the remains of the medicine you gave grandfather. He's dead, and mother thought you might like it for somebody else.

When I first married my wife I used to call her the most endearing names. I called her "Kitten" at first, but nine days after we were married her eyes opened, and it was all off.

Whyte—My wife gave me a letter to mail ten days ago. Browne—And you forgot to mail it? Whyte—You bet I didn't. It was to her mother, who was coming to make us a visit, telling her not to come.

"I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the West?" "Yeh, boss, that's right." "What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?" "No, sah, none o' those; kalsomining."

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "for I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

"Here is a pretty good original joke that I heard the other day," writes an officer in France. "We were out on a road-march the other day, and as we stopped to feed the horses, and as one of the men was putting a nose-bag on his horse, he remarked to a friend: 'Do you know this horse has more sense than any horse I ever saw? Why, the first time that I put a nose-bag on him he closed his eyes and held his breath, thinking that it was a gas mask.'"

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

MOVIE THEATRE CHECKS CIGARS

A moving picture theatre in Bardwell, Ky., has adopted a first aid to economy. On the right of the entrance to the theatre is a check stand for cigars. As men go into the place, instead of littering up the front of the show with their cigar butts, they put them in little jars on the wall and take a check out showing the number of the jar. When the show is over the butts are lighted up again and a dime or a quarter is saved, and the owner of the theatre is saved the expense of hiring a negro boy to sweep up the butts the following morning.

THE FASTEST AMERICAN DESTROYERS.

All American records for speed were broken by the torpedo boat destroyer "Satterlee" during her standardization firing over the measured mile off Rockland, Me., when she made a mile at the rate of 38.26 knots. The best previous record of 37.04 knots was held by the American destroyers "Dent" and "Wickes." The boat also established a new record in her class for horsepower, developing a maximum of 31,223. The "Satterlee," which has been in commission six months, was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

KILLED A LYNX.

The first lynx pelt that has been seen at Ashland, Wis., for many years was brought to the county clerk's office by E. J. Lane, lighthouse keeper on Michigan Island. The animal had been prowling about the lighthouse for some time, and one day became so bold as to come right up to the back door. Lane picked up a club to attack the animal, but before he could strike the lynx had sprung at him. A fight followed, in which Lane had not by any means the best of it, but he finally managed to reach the house and warding the animal off for a moment rushed in, slamming the door after him. Then, seizing his gun, he hurried to the window and shot the lynx through the head. The killing of the lynx brought Lane a bounty of \$6.

PARIS YOUTHS GO RAT SHOOTING

Every way of hunting rats is permitted in Paris except with a gun. That discovery was made by two French youths at the end of a happy evening shooting rodents with a small shotgun along the boulevards. When they read that the great rat hunt season had opened in the city and that twenty-five centimes reward was offered for every dead rat, they got themselves rigged up in complete hunting costume, game bags, guns and knives complete, and started out where they thought they would pick up the biggest bait.

The first battle was at a railway station. Their beater rounded out the corner while they stood on guard. Two fell to their guns, and with them stuffed in their bags they went on their way along the streets. Wherever a rat dared show his nose up through the grills around the sidewalk

trees, he was greeted with a fusillade of the tiny shot.

It was dark when this adventure happened, but the heroes of it used their weapons well. When they had been shooting for an hour their bags were well filled.

The elated hunters made their way to the Place de Clichy, hoping to repeat their success.

"There was a noise behind. Were the rats massing for an attack on our rear to avenge their dead? All we could see was two dim figures of men. They were cyclist policemen. As our guns were apparent we could not deny the charge when they asked, 'Have you been shooting?' 'To-day the rat-hunting season opens,' we explained, 'and we are making a beginning.' All the policemen answered was 'Come to the police station.' There the sergeant in charge was businesslike. 'Your names and profession,' he demanded. 'Rat hunters, beginning the season,' was the answer.

"By even ranks the policemen broke into laughter and triumphantly I held up one of our victims by the tail. The proof was irrefutable, but our arms had to be surrendered. All ways, it appears, of killing rats are permitted except that of treating them as rabbits and making a jolly shooting party along the boulevards."

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GOOD READING

LONDON'S MONOLITH CONTAINS COINS

Will the workmen who are busy repairing the base of Cleopatra's Needle disturb the jars which were placed in the pedestal when the monolith was erected?

The jars contain British coins, a translation of the meaning of the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monument, a railway guide, a number of children's toys, copies of newspapers, a map of London, a translation into several languages of St. John iii., 16, a history of the monument and its journey to London, and many other things.

This was after the custom of the ancient Egyptians.

FIRST RADIOGRAM HEARD 'ROUND
WORLD RECEIVED

The first wireless message "to be heard around the world" was received August 21st by Secretary Daniels from the Lafayette Radio Station at Bordeaux, France.

The message was the first to be sent from the Lafayette station, the largest in the world, which has just been completed by the U. S. Navy and is undergoing official test before being turned over to the French Government for operation. The message received by Secretary Daniels follows:

"This is the first wireless message to be heard around the world and marks a milestone on the road of scientific achievement."

In a radio message of reply, the Secretary said:

"Congratulations upon the successful completion of the gigantic radio station named for that distinguished Frenchman whom all Americans honor. Designed to serve a military purpose, it will not serve to bind closer the cordial relations which have always existed between France and the United States."

"On behalf of the United States Navy, I desire to express my pleasure upon the achievement of the Lafayette Radio station in transmitting the first message to be heard around the world. We are happy to recognize in this powerful signal a symbol of that force and sympathetic understanding with which the voice of France shall be heard by its sister republic."

MUTTON CHOP COSTS 12 CENTS A BITE
IN ZURICH

The following letter, written from Lugano, Switzerland, by Indiana travelers, has been received in Indianapolis:

"We have been over the top of the Alps and are on our way to Italy. We are held up by the railroad strike, but it is in such a beautiful region that we are rather glad. All the Swiss cities are lovely and clean, inside and out. We are now down where the Italian-Swiss are. We like the French-Swiss best. The Swiss go to France and Italy, as their money is better over there and but few come here, as prices are frightful. Regarding prices sky high: Paris in its palmiest days never had anything on Switzerland. In Zurich one mutton chop cost \$1. We hoped by being very careful and being dainty to get at least ten bites out of it. That would

be 12 cents a bite. But we could not do it. The best we could do each bite cost us 12 1-2 cents.

"Five dollars a day for a room no bath or running water. The prices are fixed by the hotel association and many hotels are closed. So they keep the prices up, waiting for the Americans. Every one seems waiting to snatch our money away. One man said: 'You have all made so much money out of the war, come over here and let us get some of it.' 'Some of it' is good. You won't have any left. But it is a beautiful country, and you can forgive, especially as every other country is trying to do the same. You never hear how much the American people are doing, only how much they are making. I hope we will never hate and envy as some of the people do on this side of the world."

"We met a party of young girls from Alabama traveling with their teacher. You cannot imagine how refreshing it was to see them—a bunch of American beauties, clear-eyed, clear-skinned, bright and alert. Just to see them was a treat. We meet many Americans and all are of the same opinion: 'We always did love our country, but now we worship it.'"—Indianapolis News.

A PEST OF APES

Gibraltar is having its deportation difficulties. The "Rock" has twenty undesirables which it is anxious to get rid of. The subjects of deportation or extermination are monkeys. How they found their way to Gibraltar is not known, but the supposition is that they originally came over from the opposite African coast, where they exist in a wild state in large numbers.

Formerly they were much more numerous on the "Rock" than at present, though at one time they were reduced to twelve. Now there are twenty, mostly females and young males. Of the latter, the oldest, known as "Samson," is four years old. The two oldest died recently—a male, first known as "Ferguson" and lately as "Hindenburg," but generally as "the old man," and a female known as "Old Jenny."

The members of the present troop are very often seen on the western side of the "Rock," to which they are driven by the strong wind from the east. They live mostly on sweet roots and on what they can steal from gardens and houses. Encouraged by fruit and nuts given them by passersby, very frequently they visit the town, though people are prohibited from feeding them under penalty.

Lately numerous complaints have been made in the interest of sanitation, concerning the nuisance caused by apes, who befoul roofs and terraces from which rain water is collected for drinking purposes and stored in tanks.

So far nothing has been decided. Though extermination or deportation has been contemplated, public feeling is strongly against either measure, and advocates the better feeding of the apes on the "Rock" to discourage their visits to the town in quest of food, and their being confined to certain numerical limits. At present Gibraltar contributes \$105. a year for the care and feeding of the apes.

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MARVELOUS MEMORIES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

One of the most remarkable "men of memory" is George Harbottle, a quarry miner living near Newcastle, England. This "son of the soil" possesses a memory which retains an indelible impression of every word which he hears or reads. After once reading a dozen pages of any book he can repeat them without omitting a single word. One morning this remarkable man purchased a volume of the "Fairie Queene," and before the evening he could recite Spencer's masterpiece from beginning to end.

Viscount Milner, a member of the War Cabinet, is the possessor of a wonderful memory. He once performed an astonishing feat while private secretary to Lord Goschen. He was asked to supply a copy of his chief's address to the electors of East Edinburg, and failing to find the original, he wrote out the address from memory with such marvelous accuracy that on comparing it with the original it was found to contain only one trifling mistake.

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Bear Oil Grows Hair

One of the potential ingredients of Kotalko—for the hair—is genuine bear oil, procured through hunters at a large cost. There are other active ingredients not found in any other hair preparation. Kotalko is an ointment. It has succeeded in many cases of baldness, falling hair and dandruff when every other hair lotion or treatment has proved futile. A \$300 guarantee is offered to Kotalko users.

Why become or remain bald if you can grow hair? If others have obtained a new growth through Kotalko, why not you? Get a box at any busy drug store; or send 10 cents, silver or stamps, for testing package, with proofs, to John Hart Brittain, BW-103 Station F, New York City. Cut out and show others this advertisement.

HUNDREDS OF MEXICANS NOW HEADED HOMEWARD

Hundreds of Mexicans are trekking back to the land of the tamale and their nativity as a result of the latest revolution in the southern republic, according to railroad officials who are watching the steady flow of swarthy skinned persons toward the Rio Grande. Dallas's own "Little Mexico," which gained in population from a few score ten years ago to more than six thousand in the 1920 census, is reported to be losing ground rapidly.

Since the death of Venustiano Carranza, seventy-five Mexicans—men, women and children—purchased tickets here for the border. Since then, railroad men said, from thirty to fifty citizens of the nation to the south have been leaving daily. Similar conditions are said to exist at other Southwestern cities.

Leading Mexican residents here declare confidence in the present revolution is responsible for so many natives returning home. Practically every native Mexican in Texas, they said, believes the new regime to be the foundation for a stable government in their revolution-torn country.

REMEMBERED A VOICE AF- TER FORTY YEARS

Former Mayor Thurston of Cambridge, Mass., attracted by a bell-like voice, stopped a minute to listen to the conversation of an aged man and a Harvard student of nineteen.

"Isn't your name Lyon?" he asked the old gentleman.

"It surely is," answered the party addressed.

"I heard you read forty years ago, and although I have never heard your voice since, I recognized it immediately," volunteered the former Mayor.

"Yes, I am Col. George A. Lyon, whom the papers call the seventy-year-old Harvard student. I did quite a bit of reading when I was in college. You know I had to work my way through. Come up to my rooms in Stoughton some time. You will always find the latch up, a good crowd there, a cup of tea or coffee and a good sized bowl of crackers," replied Lyon.

"I surely will," declared former Mayor Thurston as he walked away busy with memories, for the time he spoke of was his courting days, and she was at his side when Col. Lyon recited a rather appealing poem of love and romance.

OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT



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under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in school, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policemen, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Imit. Birds, etc. Claxophone with full instructions also set of Secret Writing 10 C. Tricks, all for a dime. Coin (no stamps). Address **CLAXO TRICK CO., Dept. S New Haven, Conn.**

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

"X-RAY" CURIOS
PRICE **12c.** SILVER ONLY. **BIG FUN**
BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A magic trick novelty **FREE** with each X Ray.
MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 13. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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REPUBLIC WOOLEN CO. Dept. 446 CHICAGO

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CLARKE COIN CO., Box 35, Le Roy, N. Y.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 8 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies' or men's solid gold rings illustrated above you wish. Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av. Dept. 2467 Chicago

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FREDERIC LABELLE, 8th St. 24, JACKSON, MICH.

A NEGRO UTOPIA

The "promised land" for the Southern negro is in a 35,000 acre tract in Lonoke County, Arkansas, where a new idea negro community is being built and for which a set of laws has been paid down that forbids almost every kind of amusement save "hunt-in' possum" and whose code is "work," on the theory that idleness is the worst enemy of the negro, the old saying about "all work and no play" to the contrary notwithstanding.

There will be no dancing, no shooting "craps," no card playing, no loafing, no fighting. About the only thing that this new and fast growing community will be permitted to do is hunt. Not even baseball is admitted within the limits of lawful amusement.

And the chief aim is the establishment of a big factory to turn out high quality and artistic coffins.

The "promised land" surrounds the community center that has been named Allport and to which 568 families have gone, each to take up and improve forty acres of land. Next year all business, most of which is now conducted by whites, will be taken over by negroes, and one year from now the whole community's law and order, religion, administration and any other work that may fall under these general headings will be in the hands exclusively of negroes who live in the community.

The "bad nigger" is barred. It takes a first rate "character" to gain a place in the community.

The moving spirit for this Utopia for negroes and the one who is responsible for most of the ideas that are being worked out, for the enforcement of its laws and for most of the other things that pertain to living and learning and prospering, is the Rev. R. Amos, negro "elder," as he calls himself, who has been a leader of his race in Arkansas for a good many years. At this particular time, however, he is going through the State conducting meetings for the particular purpose of striking down what he terms "vicious propaganda" aimed to create discord between negroes and whites. He has held sixty-four meetings to teach contentment to his race. His work has been indorsed by Governor C. H. Brough, of Arkansas, and by a good many other white people.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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